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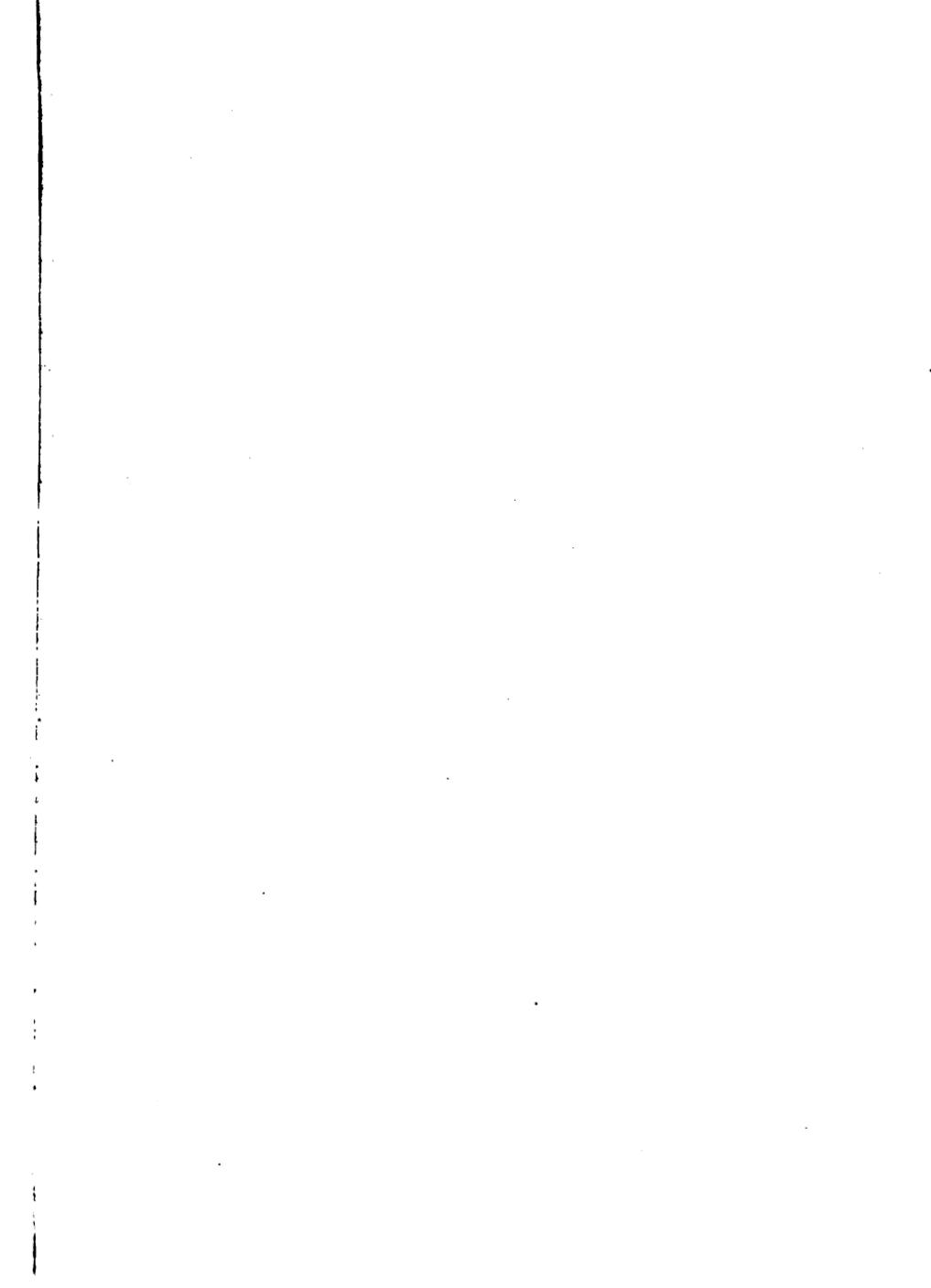
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

To dear Mrs Myrran
With best love of
Anna G. Woodward.

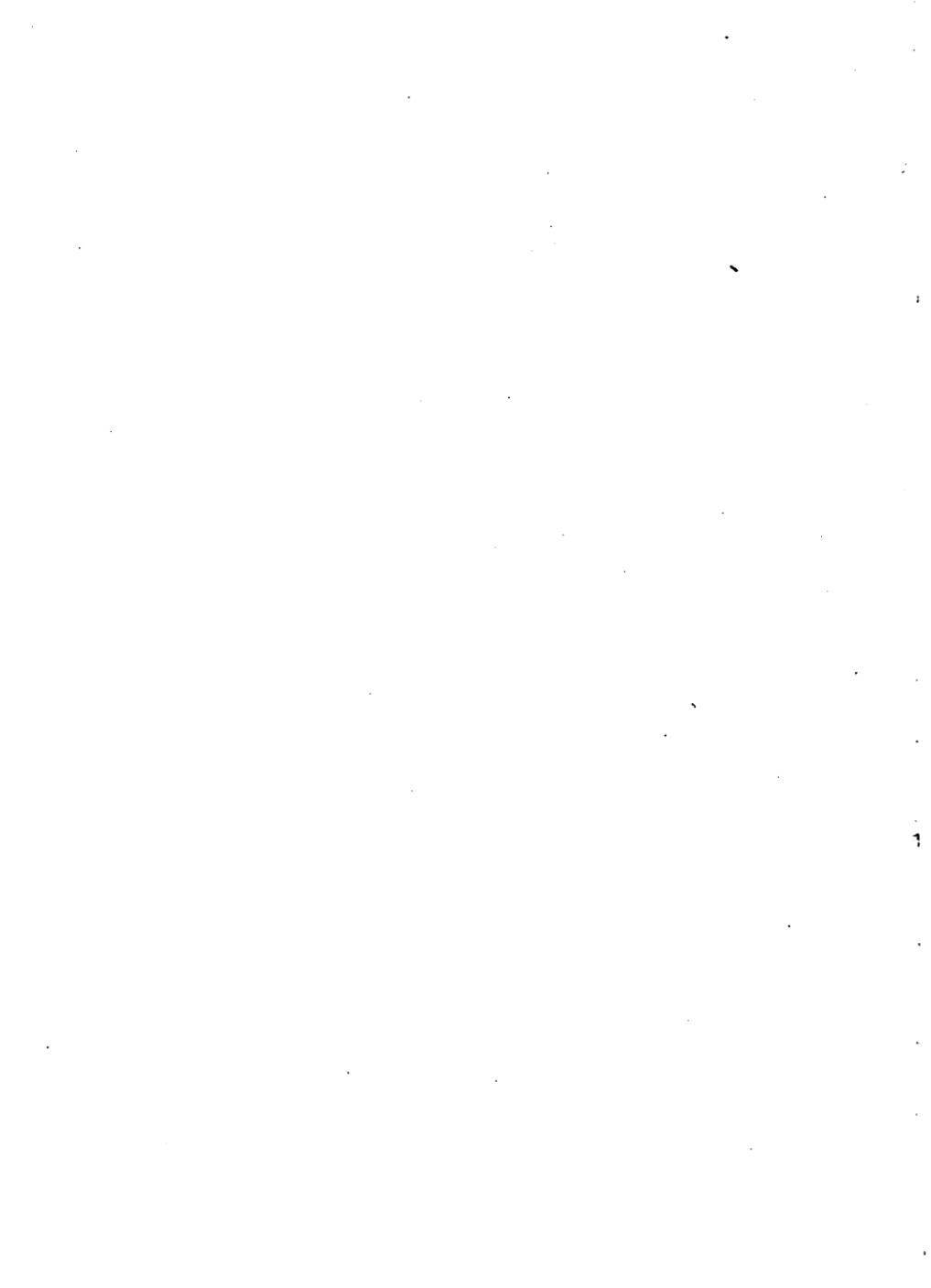
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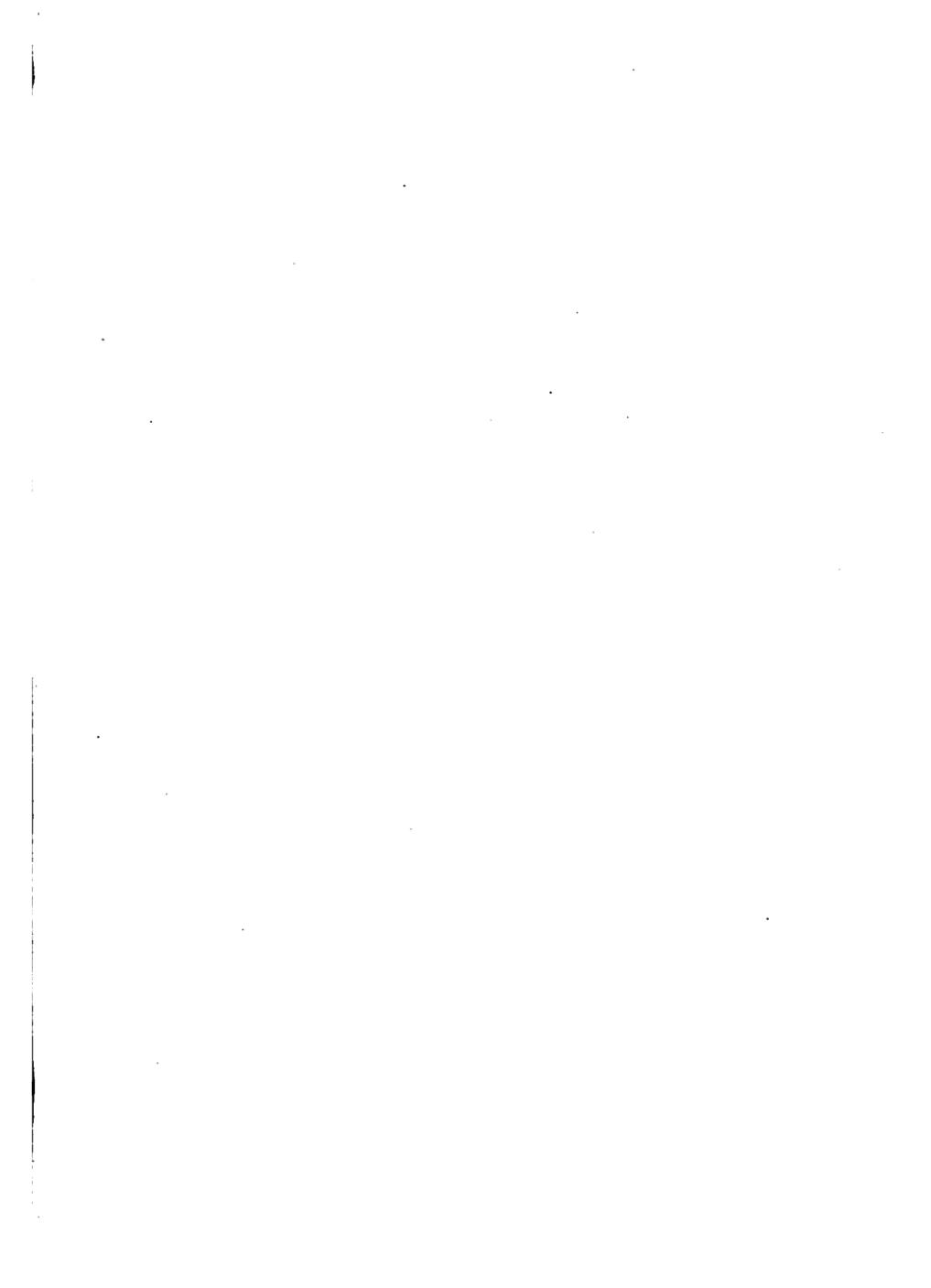






HIS LAST LOG







HIS LAST LOG

BY

MORGAN S. WOODWARD



CHICAGO
R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS COMPANY
1903

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

Morgan S. Woodward belonged to the great army of American business men—an army in which the term of service is usually for life, and furloughs are few and far between.

Unexpectedly called upon to visit London and Paris, upon a business mission, which he hoped to complete in a few days, and return directly home, a delay in the negotiations at Paris left at his disposal a few weeks of leisure, with nothing to do but await developments. This was perhaps the longest period of absolute leisure of his strenuous life, and *mirabile dictu!* the Old World lay all about him, with a congenial traveling companion at hand. What more natural than that he should proceed to "do Europe in four weeks"?

In early life Mr. Woodward had served for some years in the United States Navy, and true to the habits of his sailor-days, he entered his daily experiences in a log, which from time to time he mailed to his family, in lieu of ordinary correspondence. The sheets of this log preserved by his family embody a faithful account of his travels, and are published in the following pages without change, aside from the exclusion of a few references to matters personal to himself or family.

It is proper to explain that a few months before this

trip a distressing accident had destroyed the sight of one eye, and so impaired the sight of the other that up to the time of his death, a short time after his return, he was constantly harassed with apprehensions of total blindness. In spite of this cruel affliction, to which he had had so little time to adapt himself, Mr. Woodward's log was faithfully maintained during his entire absence. It was invariably written from memory, after a wearisome day's work of sight-seeing, often in the small hours of the night by the dim and trying light of hotel gas-jets and candles, yet the manuscript is a marvel of neat, business-like penmanship, free from blot, erasure, or interlineation, and as legible as copper-plate. Written hurriedly, without a suspicion that it would be seen by any one outside of his immediate family circle, his language abounds in colloquialisms, and even slang, but these verbal "short cuts" were evidently resorted to in many instances to save his jaded eye the toilsome road around a conventional circumlocution. While it would have been an easy task to clear his manuscript of these imperfections, it must be confessed that the utter informality of his language tends to give his story the intimate personal quality, which is its greatest charm. We are taken into his confidence as it were, and over the coffee and cigars are permitted to listen to an inimitable tale of travel, enlivened by the very exclamations and vocal inflections of one who knew how to tell his story, and tells it before it has had time to grow cold.

In its quality of intimate self-revelation, The Last Log is as unique in its way as Pepys's Diary, with the praiseworthy difference, that it was written by an honest, self-sacrificing husband and father for the entertainment of his household, while Pepys recorded his, at times shady, experiences in cypher, with evident intent that they should not be perused by Mrs. P.

Were this its only merit the log would hardly merit publication, for it is simply the record of a flying trip over the beaten highways of European travel. Mr. Woodward probably saw nothing that had not been seen and described *ad nauseum* by every American "sight-seer" who has had his little fling of travel, and come home to inflict upon his long-suffering compatriots his impressions of Europe. But there is a difference between seeing and observing. Mr. Woodward's log is an exceptional tale of travel, not because he traveled over so much ground in so short a time, but because he observed so much of what he saw, and recorded so minutely, accurately, and entertainingly so much of what he observed.

Again, his story is a genuine impromptu, recorded on the spot, without books or reference, out of his prodigious memory, which enabled him each night, in spite of physical and mental fatigue, hurry or worry, to reel off before our eyes a moving picture of each day's impressions, with the faithfulness of a cinematograph. Beyond this mechanical property, it shows an artistic sense of perspective and relations, which unconsciously

holds him true to the Greek canon, "Nothing too much." Last, but not least, there is a steady glow of humor, of the genuine American brand, a humor that is reminiscent of the frontier and pioneer, and redolent of the forest, streams, and prairies of our native land, a humor that is as caviare to the European as it is a cherished heritage of the American, because it is bred in the bone—a New World characteristic born of New World environments. Hardly a day passes that the log does not record some humorous experience, told in a manner worthy of the best school of American humor.

His early morning experience at Lucerne; his midnight arrival at Venice; his souvenir of Pompeii; his visit to an ideal country-home in England, may be cited out of many similar incidents that are, one and all, worthy of a permanent niche in one's memory.

To those who knew the man, and can realize the crushing affliction under which it was written, there is much of pathos as well as humor in Mr. Woodward's Last Log, for in a few months after his return he was granted his final discharge from the army of toilers, in which he had served so long and arduously, and his log is to them the record of a brave and lovable soul, who always thought of others before he thought of self.

LOG OF M. S. WOODWARD

FROM

CHICAGO TO EUROPE, AND RETURN

Wednesday, September 10, 1902.—Left Chicago at 12 o'clock, noon, via Pennsylvania railroad, for New York City. The train to New York was the *new fast train*, only twenty hours from Chicago to destination.

The train is certainly a magnificent one, composed exclusively of Pullman Palace cars—buffet, library, dining, and sleeping cars—electric-lighted throughout, and also equipped with bath-rooms and barber-shop.

The meals served are all that could be desired, and the service first-class, nothing being omitted that would contribute to the passenger's comfort, even baths for ladies being provided, and maids in attendance to supply their wants.

Meals are one dollar each, and well worth the price asked.

There are but few passengers on the train, which seems unfortunate for the railway company, as such service is entitled to good patronage, this being, distance run considered, without doubt, the finest train-service in the United States. Personally, the small

number of passengers suits my mood and convenience most admirably, as I have no inclination to talk to strangers myself, and certainly it is annoying to be compelled to listen to them talking to each other; so I am glad that my privacy will not be invaded, leaving me ample opportunity for reflection on the mysterious ways of fickle fortune, in sending me thus hurriedly to foreign lands, so unexpectedly and *alone*. It has been my constant desire to visit England ever since my marriage, but I never, for one moment intended, or desired to make such a trip unless I could be accompanied by my wife.

September 11th, Thursday, 9 A. M.—New York City: Our train reached Jersey City promptly on time.

Only one criticism can I make of the “fast train”; on awakening this morning I found I was lying in my berth with feet toward the engine, the train having been turned end for end at Philadelphia. This I do not like, especially on account of a way-station like the City of Brotherly Love.

The morning is rather chilly, and with quite a perceptible fog—raw and gloomy.

On the ferry to New York, the same familiar panorama unfolds itself to view—the crowds at the landings; the river dotted with steamers of all kinds, from the big passenger and excursion boats down to the puffing and snorting little tugs, which remind one of industrious ants not only because of their ceaseless toil, but also on account of their nerve in seizing loads so many,

many times their own size, and by sheer persistency and pluck, drag them where they will.

The river barges and lighters, the sailing crafts and row-boats, an occasional yacht, both steam and sail rigged, and one or two swift revenue-cutters, or police-boats, and the multitude of ferry-boats crossing and dodging to every point of the compass, constitutes the immediate foreground; while the Battery, to the right, and a little farther on, Bedloe's Island, with the huge "Statue of Liberty," and the men-of-war and merchantmen anchored below in the harbor, go to make up a picture that is rounded out and completed by the sharply defined, clear-cut, irregular, sky-line of New York, and constitutes a most impressive sight, one hardly to be duplicated in the world.

I drove directly to the Imperial Hotel, and after a hasty breakfast, took a Broadway car to Wall Street, and the insurance offices.

September 12th, Friday.—All day yesterday and all day to-day I was quite busily employed in calling upon various insurance managers, and soliciting their aid in the business which takes me abroad. The uniform courtesy, kindness, and consideration I have met with from busy men everywhere impresses me greatly. My work has been tedious, and at a number of places I had to call a second, and at a few places a third, time before finding the people I wished to meet, but, once found, they one and all unhesitatingly placed their time at my disposal, and gladly accorded me every

facility to aid my mission. I met Mr. Jas. J. W. last evening. He is here on business of his own, and stopping at the same hotel as myself. He, too, has been of great assistance to me, offering his services in any capacity in which he could be useful, and perfectly willing to devote his time and energy to aid me in every way. I went up Broadway to Rector's new oyster-house last evening, intending to have my dinner there.

It is the first time I had seen it, and I am surprised at its magnificence—nothing in Chicago to equal it.

It was about 8 P. M. when I arrived, and I foolishly sent my card to Mr. R., as I had not seen him for a couple of years. I was completely tired out with so much running around in the city during the day, and was hungry and dirty, i. e., I had not dressed for dinner; well! Mr. R. came at once, was very cordial, seemingly glad to see me, and immediately invited me to take dinner with himself and Mrs. R. and a couple of friends. He would hardly take "no" for an answer, but as the party was just sitting down to table when I arrived, and as they were all in full dress, I stammered my excuses as well as I was able, and made my exit, dragging myself back to the hotel, and then next door to the "Arena," where I finally satisfied my hunger about 9 P. M., then to bed, completely fagged.

To-day has been a repetition of yesterday, except that Mr. W. took dinner with me this evening, and then

spent an hour or so in my room afterward, discussing my prospective work in London.

September 13th, Saturday.—This has seemed to me quite an eventful day. For the first time since my marriage I am leaving my native country, *and alone*.

It seems like quite an undertaking, and yet, for an old campaigner and traveler, such a little thing as a trip across the Atlantic should not appear eventful.

After my bath, breakfast, and packing of my luggage, I paid my hotel bill, and sent my baggage by express-wagon to the steamer dock. Then downtown by 9:30 A. M., to make one or two final calls (accompanied by Mr. W.), that had been omitted by necessity on yesterday.

Still accompanied by my faithful friend Mr. W., I reached the steamer at 11:50 A. M., just ten minutes before her sailing. W. followed me aboard, and helped me get my luggage in my stateroom, then said "good by," and hurried ashore, just as the *last bell* rang, and the gang-planks were removed.

Eight Bells! (12 o'clock, noon) and promptly as the bells rang out, the fasts were cast off, the engines revolved, and the magnificent Cunarder "Campania" backed out from the pier, and my first voyage on a modern passenger steamer had begun. Of the first few hours afloat I cannot recall any very vivid picture—of the harbor, the forts, the light-ship, or the receding shore; the salt-sea breeze seemed to form a misty haze, which even good Dr. H.'s most excellent lenses could

not penetrate, or—shall I confess it? I felt much like the youngster who sat on top of the outermost pile of the seaward-end of the dock at Port Royal, in 1878, watching a ship sail away, that seemed to carry with it every good thing that bound him to life, viz., home-ties—a number of his own loved ones (of his own heart's-blood), and his last chance of ever being loved again; while every turn of that ship's propeller seemed to snap a cord at his heart.

Well, a quarter of a century has passed since that time! Twenty-five years of gladness and of sorrows, of struggle and strife, of work and of play, of health and of sickness, and of death, of a few hopes realized and of many ambitions shattered, a few minor successes achieved and many humiliating failures to be recorded, notwithstanding an honest intention, and an earnest effort to accomplish desired ends and aims by hard and faithful work. To the boy many changes have come, new ties of love and duty were added to his environment, by a wife and his offspring, while death severed other cords in taking an honored father, a loving brother, and an adored child.

So, notwithstanding the hardness and callousness resulting from a quarter of a century's friction and strife, the mature man must confess to the weakness of being affected, when once more a ship is separating him from all he holds dear; and the tension on the heart-strings seems as near the breaking-point *now* as *then*; and the effect of the salt-sea spray on the vision, mak-

ing the shore-line blurred and indistinct, is not a new sensation either, for *the boy* experienced the same difficulty in watching the departing ship, and *he* had *two eyes*.

On again seeking my cabin I found letters from my dearly beloved wife and each one of my children, and from my dear sisters, and a beautiful bunch of long-stemmed American Beauty roses from Mr. D. I. of Chicago.

These things brought me at once into immediate touch with all the dear ones that but a few moments before I had seemed to have been most effectually separated from; reading my letters was almost like receiving personal visits from the writers, but after reading each one twice over, I was finally compelled to appreciate the realities of the situation, and to reluctantly say "good by" again to each and all, which virtually amounted to a second parting.

September 14th, Sunday.—Last night I sent for the "bath-room steward" and told him I wished to arrange for a cold bath every morning, at as early an hour as possible. He said "Very well, sir; you can have your bath at any hour you wish, sir." Unconsciously reverting to the vernacular, I said, "All right, make it at four bells."

The steward smiled in a rather superior sort of way at my *attempt* to use nautical terms, and said, "That is pretty late, sir; you will miss breakfast after 10 o'clock, sir." I told him I meant *four bells in the morning*

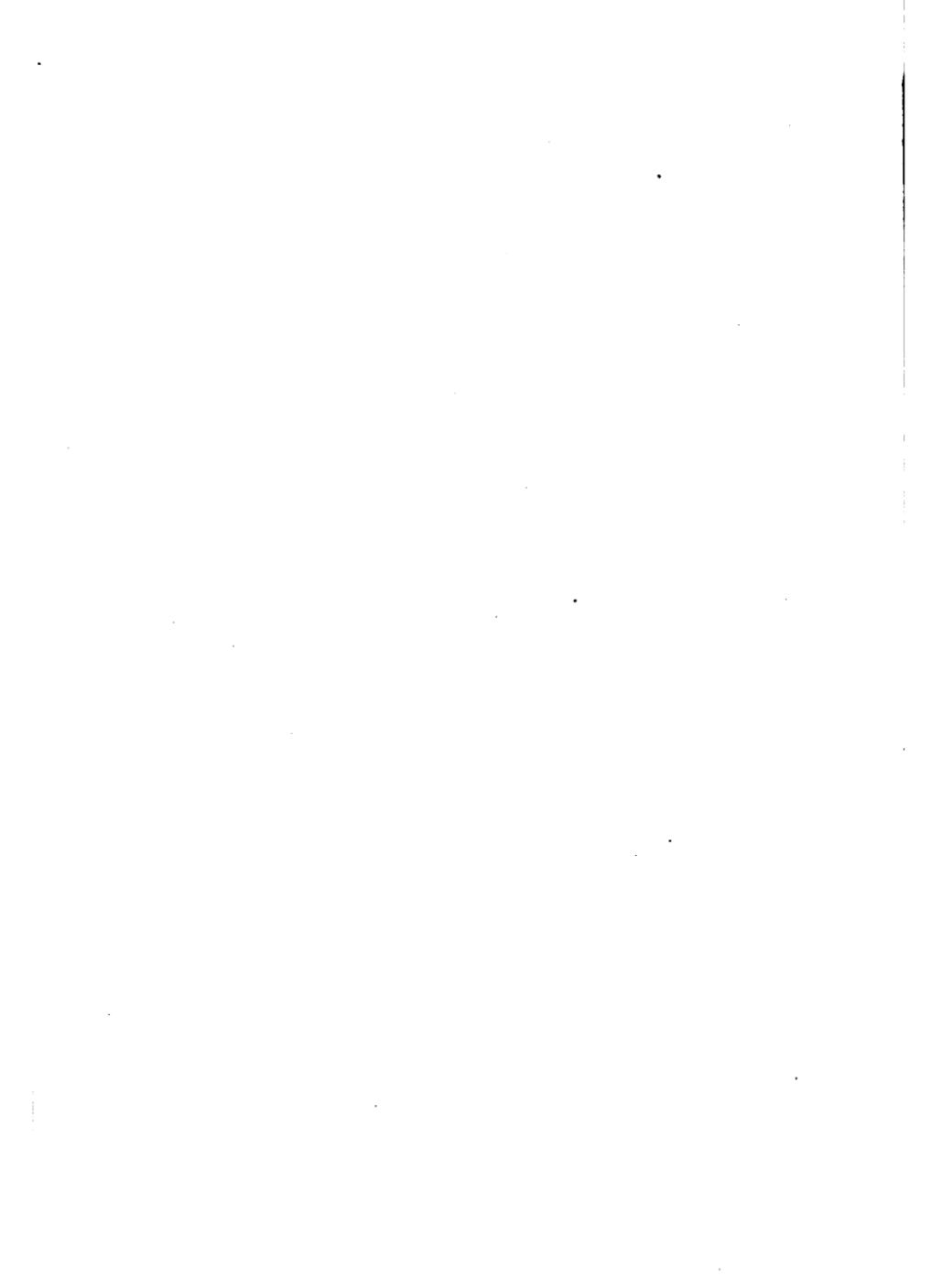
watch, and his smile then relaxed somewhat, and he replied, "That is pretty early, sir; very few gentlemen wish their bath so early."

I finally convinced the man that I was sane, and meant just what I said, so he agreed to call me at four bells, and have my bath ready. He called me all right at the appointed hour, and conducted me to the bath and left me.

I tried the water, catching my breath for a cold-plunge, *and found it tepid*, almost warm, in fact. I called for the steward, but received no answer, so I opened the bath-room door and called again; still no answer. I poked my head out of the door, and could hear voices down the passage-way, but no one was in sight; a third call failed to receive attention, and I started for the gang-way, but happened to remember that I was clad only in righteous indignation and tatoo-marks, and, in lieu of a speaking-trumpet, I expanded my lungs to their fullest capacity and "hailed the deck" *man-of-war fashion*. The result was surprising, gratifying, and satisfying; the bath-room steward, his two assistants, the deck-seaman, boots, a stewardess, and the purser's clerk all came on the run to discover the cause of the commotion.

I folded my arms, wrapping my mantle of India ink about me with all the dignity I could command, and impressed that steward with the fact that, irrespective of custom, general practice of other people, or his own experience, *I meant just what I said*, and that if I asked





for a bath *boiling* hot the water must be at exactly 212° Fah.

I wanted a bath *every morning* at *six* A. M., and the water must be fresh, clean sea-water, at just the temperature it came abroad from the ocean.

I got it, and, incidentally, made friends with the bath steward, who told me afterwards that "business" in his department did not ordinarily *commence* until about 7:30 to 8 o'clock A. M.; that he and his two assistants, and others were just taking their morning coffee when I called, and that the whole lot of them were startled, and thought it was the first officer of the ship making an unexpected morning round, and was getting *somebody* into trouble. This being Sunday, everything is very quiet aboard ship. Divine services were held in the main saloon at 10:30 A. M. The weather is mild, the sea smooth, and the ship "steady as a church."

At noon we are in latitude $41^{\circ} 7'$ N., and longitude $64^{\circ} 46'$ W., having run 420 knots (485 miles from Sandy Hook light-ships). This has been a day of absolute quiet and rest, really *nothing* to vary the monotony—not a bird, nor fish, nor sail in sight the whole day.

September 15th, Monday.—Another day of light airs and smooth sea, and the "Campania" plows her way through the waters like a thing above and beyond all human agency. Nothing in all my previous experience can compare to this marvel of modern skill and

ingenuity. I am oppressed, overwhelmed, and almost made afraid by this exhibition of relentless power developed by man.

Here is a ship of 12,950 tons, with accommodations for nearly two thousand passengers, and all the conveniences of a modern, first-class hotel—hot and cold baths, steam-heat and electric-lights, library and drawing-room, smoking-room, and barber-shop, etc., etc., the main dining-saloon seating three hundred and eighty persons at one time—all driven by engines of thirty thousand horse-power, and this huge mass attaining an average speed of twenty-five miles per hour, day in and day out. It is simply appalling—to me.

It seems like defying Providence to attempt such an execution of power.

My former experiences at sea were of such a radically different character as to seem to belong to another age. *It does!*

To-day we have sighted several sail, two steamers, and three sailing craft, but too far off to make out their numbers or nationality. This afternoon we are crossing the grand banks of Newfoundland, and had a near view of a dozen or more of the fishing fleet. The little schooners lying at anchor away out in mid-ocean, and their dories scattered around them, often two or three miles from their mothering craft, was an interesting sight. We passed quite close to several of them; in fact, within a few yards of one dory, containing two men,

and I was enabled to throw a tin box containing four ounces of "Three Kings" tobacco into it. One of the men picked it up and opened it, and then showed it to his fellow-fisherman, whereupon they both took off their sou'westers and waived them as long as they were in sight. I afterwards wished I had been provided with some magazines or other reading matter, which would in all probability have been equally acceptable. Seeing the fishing fleet reminded me very forcibly of Kipling's "Captains Courageous."

Latitude at noon $43^{\circ} 48' N.$, and longitude $54^{\circ} 28' W.$ Distance run since noon of yesterday 487 knots, or a little more than 560 miles.

September 16th, Tuesday.—Another day of smooth sea and light airs.

The conditions do not seem natural; standing up near the bows one would think quite a strong wind was blowing, but the sea, except for the ceaseless heave and swell of old ocean, remains smooth and calm. The seemingly strong breeze is caused entirely by the terrible speed of the ship.

The "surge" and "wake" are revelations to "ye ancient mariner," who never saw anything to equal it.

Such a mass of weight and life to be driven at such a speed seems almost incredible, and yet the fact remains as proven, accomplished.

I have so far impressed my interest in the workings of the ship upon the officers that I am called to attend the hauling in and the reading of the patent "Log";

also to watch the "taking of the sun" at meridian, and am accorded the privilege of watching the navigator in "pricking out" our position on the chart.

Not a sail in sight to-day, the voyage is becoming monotonous, no wind, no sea, no excitement of any kind, not a sail in sight all day.

I have met quite a number of my fellow-passengers, and was glad to find Mr. H. W. M. of Chicago aboard, also Mr. B. of St. Joe, Mo.

Mr. J. K., a London builder, and his two sons are seated at my table (the purser's), and I find them very pleasant and agreeable companions. They are returning home after their first visit to the United States, and seem to have enjoyed themselves hugely.

Mr. C., the Chicago agent of Sir T. L., is also quite companionable. Little G. H., eight years old, is also a passenger. She reminds me of my own little Elizabeth, and has therefore captured my heart. Her mother recently died in New York, and she is returning to her father in England. I have spent most of this day in her company.

Our position to-day at noon was latitude $46^{\circ} 36'$ N., and longitude $44^{\circ} 9'$ W. Distance run since noon yesterday, 476 knots (about 550 miles). The working of this ship is simply fiendish, and entirely inhuman. In partnership with Mr. K., I to-night invested some £2-6-0 in buying pools for the run ending at noon to-morrow. I cannot believe that any piece of human mechanism can keep up this speed—also with a chance

of rough weather retarding us—so we bought the *low field*, viz., 470 knots or under.

September 17th, Wednesday.—A little more wind to-day, but not enough to make a rough sea. “Spray screens” were rigged on the forward promenade decks, but I pulled down my cap and went forward of them, so as to see what was going on.

Still a smooth sea, and still the irresistible power of those terrible engines—no reduction in speed, no relaxation of the incessant throb of those enormous screws—wind, seas, everything seemingly give way to the power developed and perfected by man. Not a sail in sight all day. Position at noon $49^{\circ} 31' N.$, and $32^{\circ} 48' W.$ Distance run since noon yesterday 480 knots, so Mr. K. and I lose our pools.

September 18th, Thursday.—Not a single sail in sight all day, although we passed the “Saxonia” of the Cunard line about noon, and exchanged messages with her, by means of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy.

What a marvelous invention is this of Marconi’s! Here we are in mid-ocean, not a single thing in sight, except the broad expanse of water, and yet the delicate instruments on the ship’s bridge commence their clicking that tells us a sister ship is passing some twenty-five miles to the north of us, and we thereupon exchange the latest news, each giving that from a separate continent.

In all probability the time will soon come when a

passenger at sea can communicate with those ashore at any hour of any day of his voyage. How fine an achievement it would be to be able to wire a message to one's family, "Ship just sinking—good by."

At meridian we are in latitude $51^{\circ} 18' N.$, and longitude $20^{\circ} 34' W.$, having run just another 480 knots in the last twenty-four hours (550 odd miles).

Mr. K. and I still played the part of pessimists, not believing that weather and all other conditions could remain unchanged, and so lost another £2-6-0 apiece.

September 19th, Friday.—When the bath steward called me at four bells (6:00 A. M.), he added, "Land in sight, sir," and I was "on deck" inside of two minutes.

Every morning as soon as I am called I run up on deck in my pajamas, just as I turn out of my berth, and "take a turn" or two up to the very bows of the ship; the spray flying inboard over the "knight-heads" is exhilarating, and is a good preamble to the cold bath.

The wind, thank God, had freshened during the night, and there was a bit of sea running; it really began to look natural for the first time since leaving New York, and oh, how I gloried in it! I began to feel *like a man* for the first time since coming aboard.

I do not wish to be mean and cruel to others, but I have longed for and prayed for a storm. I should like to see how a craft like this, manned by *mechanics* and *not* by sailors, would contend with the elements in all their fury. It would be worth a whole life's experience to be in a wreck with such a vessel, and were it

not for those who would desire to avoid such an experience, I can truthfully say that I would gladly have welcomed a storm that would have completely wrecked our ship; anything to prove that the natural elements still held undisputed sway, and that man and his fiendish ingenuity could not conquer the everlasting sea. But it was not to be; the good "Campania" cut through the waves just as she had through smooth water, neither increasing nor abating one jot of her terrific energy, but keeping up the same speed as though she were in a mill-pond.

For several hours we ran by the coast of Ireland, with its bold promontories and green-clad hills, its rocky points and occasional villages, with here and there a sign of England's power in the shape of a fortified point that commanded the approach from the sea. About noon we anchored in the harbor of Queenstown, and for two hours the crew were busy in unloading the mails, and the luggage of passengers who left us there. During the time of our stay, the ship was surrounded by bum-boats, which brought off all kinds of Irish characters. Girls with all kinds of Irish lace, and other samples of the handiwork of the people. Men with stocks of pipes, shilleigh, and carvings; newsboys with all the latest papers; and men and women both with fresh fruit and vegetables and flowers.

I got a number of snapshots with the camera of the forts, the harbor, and the shipping, but of course do not know how good they may prove to be.

We did not go into dock at all at Queenstown, but as soon as mail and passengers were discharged we got under weigh again for Liverpool.

During the afternoon we ran into quite an ugly sea in the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, and oh, how I did enjoy it!

I posted myself well forward of all "spray screens," and took all the spume and spray that came aboard.

The ship, however, was too big and too powerful to give much enjoyment to the situation, still it was something of a satisfaction to stand in the bows and dare any old wave to drive me under shelter; and just for fear that some wave might accept my challenge, I missed dinner altogether, and remained on deck until nearly midnight, before seeking my berth, wet through, tired, and sleepy, but on the whole satisfied that I had "braved the elements." Our run to Daunt's Rock Light-ship (which we had abeam at 12:05 P. M.) completed 465 knots for the twenty-four hours, making the entire run from Sandy Hook Light-ships, a distance of 2,808 knots, in five days, seventeen hours, and sixteen minutes, being just eight hours and forty-eight minutes of the quickest passage ever made by any ship of any line.

September 20th, Saturday.—We anchored in the "Mersey" about midnight last night, and came up to the landing stage at the docks at 8:00 A. M.

I had my bath as usual this morning, but I was the only passenger on the ship that did. My friend the

bath steward had filled a bath-tub with good, clean sea-water before we entered the mouth of the Mersey, and saved it for me overnight, otherwise no clean water would have been obtainable.

We had our breakfast on the steamer, and so were ready to go direct to business, or our several ways, immediately on landing.

I have only one serious criticism to make in regard to the "Atlantic Liners," and that is the custom of having to *fee* all the servants of the steamship company.

It is very like the practice at home of *feeing* the porter in the sleeping-cars. It seems to me that the steamship company should pay its employees a fair wage, and then advertise that passengers are not expected to "tip" any of its servants. As at present conducted, however, a passenger must pay the following fees (minimum), or be considered parsimonious, and not entitled to proper respect and consideration, viz.: Table steward, \$2.50 (or one-half sovereign); stateroom steward, \$2.50; bath-room steward, five shillings, or \$1.25; deck steward, ditto; smoking-room steward, 2s. 6d., or 75 cents; boots, ditto; and the deck-seaman the same. For the week's trip it costs the average, first-cabin passenger about ten dollars in fees and tips. This can hardly be reduced below \$7.50, even if one wishes to be economical, and to the passenger who requires a good deal of attention, who patronizes the smoking-room constantly, and who drinks a fair

quantity of wine, the cost will be nearer \$15.00 or \$20.00 for tips.

The custom-house inspection did not consume ten minutes; the inspector asked if I had any cigars, tobacco, wines, or spirits in my luggage. I informed him that I had about 280 cigarettes and a couple of four-ounce packages of tobacco; he said he would have to call an appraiser, which he immediately proceeded to do; the appraiser looked at the lot; I told him it was for my personal use; he asked me if I had any more than that shown; I assured him I had no more so he thereupon said he would pass it through, and my examination was ended.

I have just three pieces of luggage—a steamer-trunk, large coat-case, and a small hand-bag—and think it is just the amount of baggage I should carry if I were making a trip around the world, or if I was to be away for a year. A porter takes the trunk on his shoulder, and the coat-case in one hand, while I follow with the hand-bag.

I got into a four-wheeler, and with my luggage on top, drove up to the Adelphi Hotel. The first thing to attract my attention in Liverpool was the two-story tram-cars and busses. In pleasant weather more people seem to ride on top of these vehicles than inside. The top is reached by a narrow, winding iron stairway, only wide enough to allow one person to use it at a time. Cars and busses are simply *covered* with advertisements; one of the most glaring and prominent was

the advice to the world at large to "*Drink Milkmaids' Milk—Absolutely Pure.*" I have not yet tried it, however. I secured a large, well-furnished, outside room at the Adelphi, for which the charge is 6s. 6d. per day. Immediately on registering the guest is handed a ticket, showing the number of his room and the price per day; this he is expected to keep about him, and to exhibit it to the waiter if meals are taken at "table-d'hôte." After getting fixed at my hotel I started out to see if I could find Mrs. I. S. B. and her son, who sail to-day from here for home.

I could not locate them, but found at the office of the Cunard Steamship Company that they were booked all right, and obtaining the number of Mrs. B.'s state-room I went to a florist's and ordered a few flowers sent aboard. After lunch I went to the dock and waited nearly two hours, but finally was rewarded by meeting both Mrs. B. and Paul. I delivered a letter that had been intrusted to me by Mr. B., and saw them safely off on their journey. A nasty, wet afternoon, cold rain falling, and as it is late in the day and no offices opened on Saturday P. M., I am back at the hotel writing up this "log," and watching the crowds in the street, from my bedroom window.

September 21st, Sunday.—Rain, rain, rain! Too bad a night to venture away from the hotel last evening, so I bought a copy of Corelli's new novel, "Temporal Power," and spent the evening—my first evening on British soil—alone with my book and my

thoughts. It was lonesome, I must say. I had a queer experience last night. While on ship-board I had not one sensation even approaching to seasickness. (I wonder if such a malady really does exist, or is only the wicked belief of people?) I must have got my sea-legs on all right, and found it hard to change, for I fell asleep in my chair reading, and waking up suddenly, I sprang to my feet, hardly realizing for a moment where I was, but the funny thing was I could hardly stand, the floor seemed actually rising and falling, and the walls, the whole house, seemed to be rocking and swaying. I staggered to the window and looked out into the dripping streets, and it was a minute or two before things seemed really firm and motionless.

The same thing occurred once more in the night, only it seemed worse then, as I awoke in utter darkness, and for a few minutes was *sure* I was still at sea.

There was no sensation of nausea, only the feeling of motion, very pronounced and very realistic. The rain continued all the forenoon, so I finally got utterly sick and tired of Liverpool, and paid my bill, got a four-wheeler, and drove to the Lime Street station of the London and Northwestern railway and bought a first-class ticket for London, taking the 4:05 P. M. train, fare, 29s.; distance 201 miles; time four and a half hours. English trains and train-service seem queer at first sight to an American. The coaches seem light and small, and entrances to compartments on the side

seems irregular. This especial train, however, was modeled more on our own system, the doors being at the ends, and the train vestibuled throughout. After seeing my luggage safely aboard the "luggage van," I felt like saying "good-by" to it, having no check or other means of reclaiming or identifying it. Confound such a system! The guard asked me if I would like a seat in the "dining-saloon-compartment car." I said "yes," so he found me a good seat and placed my handbag, stick, hat, and top-coat in the rack. No extra charge for *riding* in the dining-car, but only those who are fortunate enough to get seats there can hope to be fed. Seats (and cars) are narrower than our Pullman's, but only one person to a seat, so there is really more room in them. The meals are first-class; price, 3s. 6d., or 4s. 6d. Before reaching London I came to the conclusion that we cannot teach the Englishmen anything about railroading (except to check baggage), for a better equipped train, and a smoother, safer roadbed would be hard to imagine. Shortly after leaving the Mersey and crossing the wonderful Manchester ship canal, the weather cleared up, and the sun shone brightly, and I enjoyed the ride thoroughly. I feel entirely familiar and "at home" with my surroundings. I have read so many books of English life and descriptive of English scenery all my life that the very names of towns and stations seem quite natural.

While it is all so different to what one sees in "the States," still it is all just the same, too; to see the peo-

ple on the streets, around the stations at which we stop, and even the farmers and the children along the roadside you could imagine yourself traveling through some of the older settled communities of the Eastern States. The horses and cattle and sheep in the fields, even the pigs and dogs and chickens and ducks look as though they could all talk "United States." It is only the intense cultivation and the solid and substantial buildings you see everywhere that shows the difference. I am writing of the *country*, not the towns or cities.

Farm-houses and their barns, and all other out-buildings, are solid brick or stone, with tile roofs, and look as though they would last for ages; some of them have.

Down through Crewe, Stafford, Birmingham, Rugby, and Northampton the ride to London is a charming panorama, with here and there some fine old ruin of ancient church or castle standing boldly out on a hill-top, being the actual realization of what we have read about all our lives.

Oh, what would I not give to have my family share all this with me! It was just about dark when we reached Rugby, for which I was sorry, for I did wish to *see* more of that spot, forever sacred to me through "Tom Brown's School Days." I rather expected to see old Dr. Arnold, the head-master, lurking around somewhere near, on the lookout for some of his boys. It was dark at St. Albans (the Verulamium of the

Romans), so I could not get a glimpse of the grand old Norman Abbey, which is reputed very fine.

We finally reached London and pulled into Euston station a few minutes late.

I could hardly believe it all. *In London*, me! insignificant me! However I tried not to show how small I really felt, but went along with the rest of the crowd to the luggage-van. Here I was surprised to find my baggage (my luggage, I mean), all safe and sound, not having been claimed by any one else.

How they ever do it I cannot guess. I know that people here are not more honest than in America, and yet with such a system in vogue over there, one would not get his own baggage (luggage) once out of fifty times, and I do not see how one could hold the railway responsible for its loss, either.

Well, the porter and I crowded our way through the throng to a four-wheeler, and I gave the order "to the Royal Hotel, Blackfriars," and took my first glimpse of London by gas-light. It being Sunday, all the theaters and other places of amusement and the public bars were closed, but the streets were well lighted, and the pavements crowded with people. The first thing of note to attract my eye was the names of the streets, on each corner, in large, plain letters, easily read, on signs just below the second-story windows of the corner buildings. It immediately made me feel at home, and the ride was no more strange or unusual than a similar drive in Chicago or New York. The

very names of the streets and squares were all old friends, long since made familiar by Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and even Conan Doyle, with dozens of other writers, and from illustrated papers and magazines. Leaving Euston station and square, and then along by Russell Square and the British Museum into New Oxford Street, and High Halborn, past Lincoln's Inn Fields and the courts of justice, we reached The Strand and Fleet Street, and turning into Bouverie Street, and past the office of "London Punch," so on to the Embankment and Blackfriars. Absolutely, it seemed as though I could have walked those two miles alone, and never be compelled to ask my way (but I have since learned that I could not have done so in two thousand years; I'd have been lost forever). What next, I wonder?

Here I am safely housed in the Royal Hotel, recommended to me by my friend Mr. L., of the Northern, as being the best place in "The City," near to the offices I must visit. The Royal is certainly very fine, and prices in proportion. My room is about one-quarter the size of the one I had at the Adelphi at Liverpool; is an inside one; only one window, opening on a court; and cost, with breakfast and dinner included (no luncheon), 18s. per day, from which there is deducted 3s. 6d. if you do not take dinner here.

I am tired, and am going to try and sleep.

September 22d, 23d, 24th, 25th, and 26th, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.—The past

five days have been one unvarying round of business, with hardly a break in its monotony, and it has not been a pleasant one, either. I have risen each morning at 7:30, had my bath, dressed leisurely, and been down to breakfast at 8:30 A. M. The breakfasts are *good, substantial, well-cooked*, and bountiful. (I inclose a couple of sample "menus.") At 9:30 I am "at business," and usually *have kept at it* until 4 or 4:30 P. M., reaching the hotel again about 5:00 P. M., too utterly tired out to have ambition for anything but rest and quiet. I have not "dressed for dinner," but one evening (the first), and do not think I shall again during my stay. I do not know a single soul in the house, take my meals at a table by myself (which I prefer and enjoy), and spend the rest of my time, while in the hotel, in my own room. I have called on a good many people, presented my letters of introduction, and discussed my mission with quite a number. Everywhere I am most courteously received, and the busier the man whom I call upon the less he says about his own work, and the more time he seems willing to spare me.

Mr. M. of Chicago is stopping at the Carlton, and I have been with him for an hour or two each day; he has been of more real help to me than all others combined. With his acquaintance and connection at Lloyds he has put me in touch with people that I could not have reached in weeks, possibly not at all. His kindness and willingness to do all he can for me will always be appreciated.

I have not been outside the hotel a single evening since my arrival, and except for an occasional view of the outside of some notable places, I have not had time to do *any* sight-seeing.

In point of fact, I have not felt much like "doing" the town; instead of becoming more accustomed and reconciled to my infirmity, it is actually more annoying and harder to bear each day. I must, of course, accept the inevitable, and will try and not complain, but the simple fact is, I'm only half a man.

Mr. C. once told me that as Omaha was to Chicago, and as Chicago was to New York, so New York was to London. He did not really put it in strong enough language. There is hardly any comparison possible between London and New York; and these crowded streets, with the *never-ending* streams of traffic, are simply soul-trying to me.

September 27th, Saturday.—In "The City" this morning as usual, but being Saturday, the good business men very wisely shut up shop at noon—no business transacted Saturday P. M. Having a half-holiday to myself, it is just mean enough to rain this afternoon, for the first time this week. So that means no sight-seeing for me this week.

At dinner to-night I sat at table with another man, a Mr. L., from New York, found him agreeable and inclined to be companionable. He asked what I intended doing this evening.

I told him I had expected to go to my own room

and swear in three languages until I got sleepy. He said he had finished his business in London and would start for Belfast to-morrow, so suggested we go to some place of amusement. I agreed, so we jumped into a hansom and drove up to the Hippodrome.

I am glad I went, enjoying the evening very much, and think the performance one of the very best I ever saw.

It was a kind of variety show, but every number was first-class of its kind.

Athletic performances, songs and dances, trained cockatoos, sleight-of-hand tricks, Edisonograph moving-pictures, trained dogs and horses, and the whole concluded by a spectacular piece called "The Bandits," in which the stage settings were marvelous, and the mechanical accessories beyond anything I have ever seen. In one act there is a heavy bridge spanning a stream, and two outsiders come onto the bridge ahead of a large coach drawn by four horses. All six of the horses come on the bridge at a full gallop; the bridge is held by the bandits, who open fire on the outsiders first, and then on the coach, containing the heroine. Actually all six of those horses jump from the bridge into the water (the whole arena of the Hippodrome is a huge tank), and horses and men sank clear out of sight, then came puffing and blowing to the surface, and swam out onto the banks. A moment later the mill-dam, shown high up at the back of the stage, is blown up by dynamite (?) and a perfect torrent of

water boils and foams down the stream, completely carrying away the heavy bridge, together with the coach and its party of struggling inmates and bandits all over the top, and bridge and coach, men and women, are all swallowed up for the moment in the avalanche of water, and emerge dripping at the sides. It was the most realistic and exciting scene I ever saw on a stage. I'll send the bill of the play.

September 28th, Sunday.—A clear, bright day, but cold and raw. I slept in late this morning, after my dissipation of last evening, and did not have breakfast until 10:30. After breakfast I hired a hansom, and started off by my lonesome to see something of the *outside* of London, all places of interest or amusement being closed, except the churches.

However, I saw something of the town, and learned something as to the general "lay of the land," and "located" quite a number of the principal points of interest, to be "viewed" later.

My drive took me down the Victoria Embankment, past Somerset House, the Savoy and Cecil hotels, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, the government offices and treasury, St. James's Park, Wellington Barracks, Buckingham Palace, the Royal Meeas, Palace Gardens, Green Park, St. James's Palace, Marlborough House, The Mall, Trafalgar Square, past the British Museum, and Russell Square, over Halborn Viaduct, down Newgate Street, past Newgate prison, and the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, through St.

Paul's churchyard, Cheapside, the Mansion House, and Bank of England, and Royal Exchange, and the building of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company (these last four are in the very heart of "The City," the business center of London), then on to "The Tower of London," with its old castle and deep moat surrounding it; across the tower bridge to the south side of the Thames, and along the wharves and warehouses, through quaint old quarters (centuries old) to London Bridge, and so back to the Hotel Royal. As a ride, it was cold, cheerless, and lonesome, but I certainly saw more historical points in those three hours than I ever expect to see again in three weeks. Am sorry to say that I entirely forgot my camera; it has not been out of my grip since leaving Queenstown harbor, and I did not think to take it along with me; had I done so, I might have obtained some good pictures, for the day was bright and clear, for London. However, I'll hope for other chances.

September 29th and 30th, and October 1st, 2d, and 3d, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.—The past five days have been practically a repetition of the days of last week, with only a few minor changes. On Monday I got tired of the Royal Hotel, so paid my bill and left it, coming up here to the Hotel Russell, which is just opposite Russell Square, and only a block from the British Museum (which I propose to "do").

I left the Royal for two reasons: 1st, I do not like

living at an English hotel on the American plan; and 2d, my room was so dark and gloomy (although I spent but few daylight hours there), and with no sunshine at all, that it gave me the horrors every time I entered it, and on waking in the morning seemed like opening one's eyes in a dungeon.

My room here is beautiful, large, bright, cheerful, and *sunshiny*. It has a mantel and nice grate, a fine brass bed, with good, hard, springy hair mattress, two good electric lights, and a third, drop-light, on a stand at the head of my bed.

It reminds me of my own room at home, by having a large bay, containing five windows looking out on the north and east, and another large double window on the east side, overlooking Russell Square and the museum. I feel better already for the change, sleep better and breath freer, and do not feel so depressed. Once or twice I've felt really sorry that I came, as it began to look as though I could do nothing for my employer, but now I feel more encouraged.

I have received a very nice letter from Mr. S. G., who is staying at Hotel Krantz, Vienna (or Wien, as it is known over here), inviting me to be his guest there, but saying he does not intend that I shall return without his seeing me, and in case I cannot go to him that he will meet me in Paris, Amsterdam, or wherever I choose to make an appointment. It is certainly kind of him, and I am glad to number him among my list of friends. I have also met Mr. K. again (the gentle-

man I became acquainted with on the steamer), and he has invited me for a week-end visit to his home, which I think I'll accept by going out (some twenty-five miles from city) to-morrow and remaining over Sunday.

October 3d, Friday (continued).—Mr. F. K. called around at the hotel for me about 5:00 P. M., and wished me to accompany him home at that hour, but as I had not finished writing my "log" and letters, I begged to be excused. He seemed disappointed; said his folks would be expecting me, and that his father had planned a day's shooting for me to-morrow.

However, I knew that if I postponed my writing that I would have no chance to do it to-morrow, nor Sunday, so I did not go, but promised I would take the noon-train to-morrow and go out to their home and remain over Sunday.

I spent the entire evening in my room, writing until nearly midnight, completing my "log" to date, and writing letters to A., W., Mr. M., and the Davenport folks.

October 4th, Saturday.—This morning spent in "The City," as usual, and I must acknowledge that I do not feel over-well satisfied with my week's work.

Am almost sorry that I have promised to go to Mr. K.'s, as I could put in this afternoon and to-morrow in seeing some of the sights, that so far I have not been able to do. But Mr. K. is such a good-hearted fellow, and has been so really attentive to me that I cannot refuse him. He is a plain, blunt, hearty, honest, and

unassuming sort of a chap, or I would not go at all. But I'll try it once for luck. If he was a high-flyer or tried to put on airs, because he happened to be rich, I'd stay away, but I would like to see for myself a real English family "at home" in their every-day life, and K. says that is all I need expect; promises me there will be no one there but his own family, and that they will not put themselves out in any particular on account of my visit.

October 5th, Sunday.—(9:00 P. M., and back in my room at the Russell Hotel.) Holy smoke! Let me try and collect my thoughts. Am I awake, or is it all a pipe-dream? I expect every minute to regain consciousness and realize that the nurse finally succeeded in shooting me with her little hyperdermic gun. I've had the experience of my life! If I had even suspected a tenth part, yes, a hundredth, I would not have stirred a step toward K.'s. The "Arabian Nights" is not in it any more for me! Every book that I ever read of the *highest* and *best* English country life always seemed overdrawn to me—impossible of realization, in fact. But they are absolutely true! I have been living for two days and one night just the kind of a country life that Ouida describes so charmingly. Oh, for her power of language, just for an hour or two, so I could make you see it as I have seen it! However, it is just impossible to describe it. I'll simply jot down some of the facts as a reminder, and try and *tell it* when I return.

F. K. met me at noon, and we took a hansom to London Bridge station, where he bought me a round-trip ticket from London to Hever and back.

Hever is twenty-seven miles south of London, in the Hills of Kent County. We passed through some beautiful scenery, getting a good view of London's suburbs, and of queer little villages, with an occasional glimpse of some old castle or church. (Nothing *less* than three hundred years is called old here, except it be people, or ladies' dresses.) We reached Hever in less than forty minutes, and F. grabbed my hand-bag and told me to follow.

(Oh! say! my *outfit* that I took with me consisted of three collars, extra cuffs, and handkerchiefs, pajamas, slippers, and a saturated solution of boric acid, and a tooth-brush. F. had told me *not* to take any *dress* clothes.) Well, I followed him out through the station, and the first thing to catch my eye was as fine a "break" as I ever saw, a most beautiful turnout it was, shiny and bright, with a glittering coat of arms on the panels, drawn by a pair of immense coach-horses, with silver-mounted harness and housings, and on the seat a coachman in livery, top-boots, top-coat, plug-hat, and cockade.

I was just going to ask Frank to stop long enough to let me admire it, when he threw open the door, put my grip inside, and said, "Jump in!" It took my breath away, but by the Great Horn Spoon! I would not have let that "coachee" have known it for any-

thing. I am *an American*, and remembered that we once kicked the stuffing out of this country, so I climbed in with proper dignity, and after swallowing hard once or twice, I said, "This is quite neat, F."; he said "Yes, we rather like it," and then to "coachee" he added "Home, M.," and "M." let out his big chestnuts at a spanking gait for a two-mile drive through what must be one of the most beautiful spots in all the world. Oh! folks! just please get the dictionary out and pick from it all the best adjectives, from A to Z, and sprinkle them in the next few pages by the handful. I have not learned enough of them to do this description simple justice. After two miles of rolling country, gradually climbing higher all the time, however, we suddenly turned in between massive stone pillars, and I just spied heavy iron gates thrown back, and then a picturesque gate-keeper's lodge of brown brick, gray stone, and red tile, all overgrown with ivy and climbing-roses in full bloom, when I found we were walled in by dense masses of trees and shrubbery, and our "break" running smoothly, with its rubber tires over a *perfect* gravel road, which wound around in curves, so that you could not see more than fifty feet ahead or behind us.

About one-eighth of a mile through this park, and we suddenly emerged into an enchanted land. No, I *cannot* describe it, *but I'll show you photos of it all*. It came into view like a flash of a magic-lantern, and I do not really know *now* even what I saw first, but the

effect on me was *something* the same as my first view of the panorama picture of the battle of Gettysburg, where you know you have gone into a building and through a dark tunnel, and then suddenly find yourself on an eminence overlooking miles of country.

This produced a similar effect, only infinitely more grand and impressive, for you know *this* to be real. We were on *the very top* of a hill, and you could see the entire landscape for from five to twenty miles around—rivers, woods, farm-houses, with sheep and horses and cattle in the pastures, a church-spire here and there, some old ruins, other country homes, hills and valleys, fields of hops and of grain, all divided by the dark green hedgerows and winding lanes, and two or three little country villages nestling away on hillside or in hollow, with the smoke from a smithy fire curling lazily upward.

In the immediate foreground, an open space, an irregular oval, some fifteen hundred feet in length and eight hundred or one thousand feet broad, dotted with ornamental shrubbery, and *flowers! flowers! flowers!* *everywhere*; dozens and dozens of beds, all shapes and sizes, some over one hundred feet long, bordering the walks and drives. Just *millions* of blossoms; roses, dahlias, azaleas, geraniums, fuchsias, and orchids, and foliage plants, every conceivable kind, size, shape, and color, it seemed to me. Handsomer than any display in any park I was ever in, because you could see it all (or nearly all) at one time, and so perfect. Here and

there a gleaming bit of marble statuary, or a stone lion, a fountain, a tennis-court, a croquet-ground, smooth velvety lawns, a couple of rocky grottos, with cascades of tumbling water, a couple of rustic bridges, a little stream, two fish-ponds, water-lilies, a carved marble cistern, with black iron scroll-work for well-wheel, chain, and bucket—and from all this the ground sloping away on three sides (to the view already mentioned, *not* described), while on the fourth, the black impenetrable forest of trees and undergrowth, constituting the “park” through which we drove, completely shutting off all sight and sound of the main highway.

Peeping out from the edges of the park are greenhouses, cold frames, conservatory, the gardener’s house, the stables, the electric light and water plant, the kennels, rookery, kitchen gardens and orchards, dove-cotes, hennery, rabbit-hatches, ferret-boxes, aviary, with crows, bob-o-links, larks, finches, parrots, cockatoos and starlings, and a little farther on the bee-hives. In the very center stands “the house,” entirely surrounded by the broad driveway, sweeping grandly in from the park, and the driveway and grounds lighted at night with arc-lights inclosed in ornamental ground-glass globes mounted on beautifully designed and massive ironwork lamp-posts about twenty-five feet high.

The house, with its kitchens and offices, is about two hundred and fifty feet long and one hundred feet wide, three stories brick and ornamental carved stone-

work, red tile roof, and a huge tower near one end, with balconies and outlook.

Oh! it is grand, marvelous, beautiful, and I cannot tell it as I would. Just think! I saw all this, and more, in about two minutes of a rapid drive, and still had time to wish that M. and I. and W. and E., and all my sisters, and all the rest of the Davenport folks, and the dear ones at Appleton, and R. and E. and I. and S. and M. and the D.'s and M.'s and D.'s and J. D. and J. S., and the G.'s and M.'s and R.'s and C.'s, and all the boys in the office, and all the insurance men I know, and Dr. W. and W., and H. and nurse B., and Uncle R. and Aunt G., and the rest of the Neenah friends, and just everybody who has ever been kind to me during the Pekin siege, or the past summer, or any other time—for I love them all, God bless them!—and I thought of each and every one of them, and wished they could all have been with me to see and enjoy it, too, and I felt mean and low-down and guilty to think how selfish I am to see all these things without them, and I wished I had not come unless they could come too, and I wish I was back among them all again, for I'm homesick.

Mrs. K. came out of the house to meet and welcome me, and I liked her at once, and was not a bit afraid after the first glance. She looks and acts and talks like Aunty B., only somewhat older—about half-way between her and Ma P.—and I told her she reminded me of *two* friends. She led me right into the dining-

room (which is about four times the size of ours at home) just as soon as I got off my hat and coat.

There was a fine hard-wood fire blazing cheerily away in the big open fireplace, and it did look comfortable and hospitable and *home-like*. She immediately offered me hot-scotch whiskey, brandy and soda, gin and orange bitters, and port wine and cake, and on my declining all of them she wanted to get me a cup of hot tea (bah!), insisting I must surely be in need of *something* after my drive in the open air. But I assured her I needed nothing at all. Luncheon, she said, would be served in fifteen minutes; *there was no one at home, as the men were out* after pheasants; but as soon as I had a bite, the cart would come around for F. and I, and she would furnish me a gun and we could go up to the covers and spend the afternoon there. The gong sounded (just like at home), and as *no one was at home*, Mrs. K. marched in at the head of a line of females that scared the wits out of me, and left me dumb and helpless all through the meal.

I was introduced and shook hands with Miss K., a maiden lady about fifty (Mr. K.'s sister); Mrs. K., Jr., the wife of James K.; Miss K., the eldest daughter; four other daughters; and Miss K., the governess. I was then introduced to, or rather there were presented to me, the butler, the two dining-room girls, the parlor-maid, the chamber-maid, the cook, and boots. When we were seated at table, with the attendants standing respectfully around, there was a sudden lull

in the conversation. I was on the point of arising, thinking that another detachment was about to be introduced, but discovered every one had their eyes closed, excepting Mrs. K. and myself, and she was looking around for a victim to ask the blessing before eating. I hurriedly closed my eyes (on the ostrich principle), hoping for exemption, but trying to think of something proper from the good book. The only thing I could remember was "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," and was wondering how that would do, when my fears were relieved by hearing her mother select D. for the office. I will not describe the luncheon; suffice to say, that if I could be sure of *dinners* for the rest of my days as good and as bountiful I would not mind what I had for luncheons.

After the meal M. had to return thanks (and I may as well state here that a different one asked the blessing and another returned thanks at each meal. I was glad then there were so many, and I left Sunday evening, fifteen minutes before tea, or my turn would surely have come).

Right after lunch the cart was sent around for Frank and I. Boots and the chamber-maid had gotten him into his hunting-gear, and his mother brought his gun and her hands full of cartridges for him. God bless her for the dear, good mother she is! Her husband and children fairly adore her. She offered me a gun, but I declined on the score of not being properly

clothed for the field, and then she was sorry that none of her men's things would fit; but wanted me to take a gun anyhow, and said that the head-keeper's clothes would fit me, she thought, and suggested that we drive around to the game-keeper's lodge, and his wife would fit me out.

But I declined, and finally told her I was growing gun-shy. We drove up about one and a half miles, where Mr. K. and J., with a neighbor, two keepers, and five dogs were working the pheasants. The men had had their lunch sent up to them from the house, and were just finishing it as we drove up. Mr. K. was sorry I would not shoot, and insisted he would quit and drive around with me, which he did. We visited the "home-farm" and two others belonging to Mr. K., then drove back to the house, and he ordered the horses put to the "break" once more, and in company with Mrs. K., Jr., and D. we made a drive of nearly twenty miles, visiting Penshurst Castle, an immense affair, very old, stately, and romantic. It antedates the "War of the Roses," and was at one time occupied by Henry the VIII. with Anne Boleyn, his second wife (he had six all told). It has also been occupied by Queen Elizabeth during the time of the Spanish Armada and after her escape from the Tower of London, where she had been imprisoned by her sister, Queen Mary I. (1553-1558).

It is filled with rare old tapestries and furniture and curios of all sorts, having a large amount of the



PHOTOGRAPH OF STREET

original furnishings just as they were used and left by their owners in the long ago; these things do make a deep impression on the latter-day beholder, when he sits in a chair that he knows is genuine, and was used by a queen nearly four hundred years ago, and has been written about by Shakespeare and others years after, and the same old chair is still good, and looks as though it would last another four hundred years. The park surrounding the castle is miles in extent, with glorious drives bordered by finely kept yews, trimmed in fantastic shapes.

Just outside the gates is the little old village, only a single row of houses, and on only one side of the street. It stands as it has stood for centuries, neither being added to nor altered. There is the tavern, the butcher's, the green-grocer's, the ale-house, the tailor's, shoe-maker's, school-house, and blacksmith shop, all connected, and said to be one of the best preserved relics in the entire kingdom. I inclose a photo of it, and you can see the date, 1600, and something cut in the side of the wall. We did not get back to the house until after dark, nearly 8:00 P. M., and dinner and the family were waiting for us. After dinner Mr. K., J., F., and I went to the billard-room and amused ourselves there until nearly midnight. Tell R. I wish he might see that room, twenty-four feet wide and sixty feet long, in carved oak panels and heavy beams overhead; at one end a raised platform, with a huge fireplace and big andirons, or fire-dogs, with high-backed carved oak

settees at the sides, each about ten feet long and upholstered in leather, stuffed with curled hair. A stag's head with great branching antlers on the wall, a few *good* pictures, *one* by Landseer particularly fine; some guns, rods, whips, spurs, and hunting-crops artistically arranged, and a half-dozen round-topped tables and a number of easy-chairs and lounges along the sides, made an ideal *man's den*.

Sunday morning.—Coffee and cigarettes served in my room by the maid before I was out of bed, then a bath and hot water for shaving, and downstairs in my slippers for breakfast at 10:00 A. M. These people certainly know how to live. After breakfast the ladies drove to church. J. and F. went for a five-mile walk, and Mr. K. showed me about the place for a couple of hours. The stables with the coachman's residence attached and quarters for the groom and stable-boys, two coach-horses, two carriage-horses, two roadsters for the carts, Mrs. K.'s driving pony, a cob, and three saddle-horses comprise the lot; a roomy box-stall for each animal, and a piece of sugar each time a *member of the family* goes into a stall. The kennels, with fox-hounds, beagles, retrievers, a Newfoundland, a mastiff, and a bulldog, with some terriers around the stable. Electric-light plant, driven by an oil-engine, which also supplies water for the entire premises.

An orchard with apple-trees two and a half feet high and fifty feet broad, loaded down with apples; one has to *stoop down* to pick them; pear-trees six feet

high and *one* foot broad, having as many as fifty pears on a single tree; and a great many other wonders.

The hot-houses, where grapes in bunches eighteen inches long and weighing three and four pounds a hanging in clusters under the glass roof, and *peaches*, *nectarines*, and *figs* are just ripening *now* for table use in winter. He said, "The madame likes such things in the winter-time, so she might as well have 'em."

Then we went to the fish-ponds and fed the fish; the waters are swarming with carp, tench, dace and others. F. wanted some fish the other day, so took a handful of bread-crumbs and threw into the water, then fired *one barrel* of his shotgun into the bunch and killed forty, big and little. We visited the pastures, saw the dairy herd, the sheep, the farm-horses, the oxen, the pigs, and the chickens, guinea-fowl, ducks, turkeys, geese, swan, and pea-fowl. Mr. K. says that he hatched out about one thousand eggs of the wild pheasant and partridge that the keepers collected in the fields and placed under tame hens; no wonder these fellows have good shooting. After our stroll Mr. K. had a trap sent around and we drove to Chittenden (accent on last syllable), and had a ten-mile ride before dinner, at 2:00 P. M.

Tea is served at 5:00 P. M., but I did manage to break away and catch the 5:15 train for London, both F. and J. going to the depot in the trap with me, and the whole family urging me to make them a visit on my return here from the Continent.

They were all intensely interested in my tales of the experiences of Mama and Ione in the siege of Pekin, and I wish you could have seen my audience in the billiard-room Saturday night, where I held forth until nearly midnight with accounts that I stole bodily from A.'s lecture—wish I could have had the stereopticon and slides with me, and A. herself to have told it. It has certainly been a novel experience for me, and I doubt very much if I see anything else in my entire trip that will leave a more lasting or pleasing impression on my memory.

Memo. Mr. K. acknowledged it cost him £20,000 (\$100,000) a year to run his place. My opinion is he gets the worth of his money.

October 6th, Monday.—A trip to the tailor's the first thing after breakfast to try on my new garments (am not going to burden you with any description, for you will see them), then to the British Museum. I spent several hours there (going without luncheon) and enjoyed it, and I hope with profit also.

One can no more *see*, let alone appreciate, the exhibit in *a day* than one could have *seen* the World's Fair in that time; but very interesting to me is the collection of watches and clocks of all ages; also the arms, clothing, and implements of nearly all the nations of the earth, civilized and barbarous.

The attendant in charge of the Chinese section showed me the collection of jade, which is very fine. I asked if he had no mace or scepter of jade. He had

one *inlaid* with jade, a number of ivory and bone and wood and metal ones, but *none* entirely of jade. When I pointed out one of ivory, almost exactly the size and shape of the one A. brought home, and told him my wife had one that size of solid jade, he said he had never seen one, then added, if yours is of *apple-green jade*, it is very valuable. Wish I had that little green jade mace with me. At 4:00 P. M. was at the Northern office, and there find a letter from A., which lets me know that I'm not entirely forgotten. A visit to office of T. U. & Co., and then to L.'s, completed my day. I'm too tired to go out to-night, being on my feet nearly all day in the museum, and my eye aches, and I can hardly see what I am writing, so good night.

October 7th, Tuesday.—Left London from Charing Cross station at 9:00 A. M. on the fast "Continental Express" for Paris, via Dover and Calais.

This is a splendid train and runs through a delightful country; the fields and parks, the hedgerows and well-kept roads constitute a pleasing contrast to our own country, but United States of America is good enough for me. A few odd-looking little villages flash by the windows, but the train makes no stops; on through hills and valleys, an occasional tunnel, one or two quite long ones as we near Folkstone, until finally we rush through a tunnel that must be nearly two miles long, and emerge from its darkness into an open sky, with the blue sea on the right, dotted with white sails of all kind of craft, and with a bright sun shining

on the waters of the English Channel on the right, and the white chalk cliffs, surmounted by fortifications and well-concealed batteries on the left, we run right down onto the pier at Dover, and just alongside of the steamer that will take us to France. I have tried two or three times to bring the camera into use, but am always a little too slow. Am very much afraid that I'll have but few if any photos taken by myself. The difficulties in the way of my taking pictures are numerous.

When traveling by rail I do not know when we are approaching anything worth "taking" until it is past. If we stop at a station, and I step outside the car and see something that I should like to photograph, and find the light good, etc., by the time I have had a look around and grasp an idea of the situation, it is time for the train to pull out, and I get no photo.

We reached Dover at 10:46 A. M., and went directly aboard the steamer. Passengers and luggage are transferred from the train very quickly, and before getting hardly a chance to glance at the docks, the piers, the harbor, and the town, we find the boat under way, and leaving the pierhead at exactly 11:05. The sea is smooth again, hardly any breeze (which makes me sick, not seasick), and although the sun is shining brightly and quite clear over the land, there is considerable fog over the sea, which brings our circle of observation to a distance of only about a mile or so from the ship, consequently there is not much to see.

We passed in sight of a number of small English vessels (fishermen and the like), a Dutch brig, a barque flying the Spanish flag, *and a three-masted American schooner*, with the stars and stripes showing boldly from the masthead. I took off my hat to that old barber-pole ensign, forgetting for the moment all the people around me, but a nice-looking old gray-beard standing at my elbow, said "Good boy! I'll uncover, too! I'm from the States." At 12:30 P. M., before I realized that we could be even half-way across the channel, the buoys and light-houses and piers of Calais were right under our bows. The harbor was crowded with a motley collection of all kinds of craft, and by the time I could realize where we were, and then unpack my camera, we were fast to the dock, and passengers hurrying ashore to the custom-house. No picture.

The Frenchman is polite, even if he is dirty. My trunk and coat-case were registered through to Paris, so I only had my hand-bag to be over-hauled. France, it seems, is particular on only four items at the customs, viz., spirits, tobacco (cigars and cigarettes), *matches and eatables*.

I had been forewarned and was therefore *forearmed*, and had my little store of tobacco and cigarettes in my overcoat-pocket, and *none* of the other contraband articles to declare. I was confronted by a customs officer, who "*spik Englis*," and put my hand-bag on the rail before him, and at same time drew out of my

pocket my tobacco and cigarettes, prepared to pay what duty might be exacted of me.

He asked if I had any *more* cigars or tobacco, and I said "no." He then wanted to know if I had any spirits or comestibles, and I said "no." Any matches? and I said no, but I would thank *him* for one, as I wanted to smoke. He immediately struck a match and held it for me while I lighted a "tack"; I thanked him for his kindness, and started to open my grip, when he pulled my hands away, closed it himself, *took off his hat, made a polite bow*, and said, "Pardon! ze word of Missieu' ees suf-fi-si-ént," so that examination did not last long, nor give me much trouble, and I hurried through to secure a good compartment in a carriage of the "Gare du Nord" before they were all taken.

We pulled out of Calais at 1:15 P. M., on a "corridor train," with dining-car attached, and I had the very best dinner I ever had on a train, for five franc. The "*déjeuner*" *cost me* nine and a half franc, by the way, on account of poor eye-sight, and unfamiliarity with French coins in a poor light in the dining-car. I gave the *garçon* a five-franc piece for my dinner, and intended to give him a *silver one-half franc* for his "tip," but instead, fished out a *gold* ten-franc piece and gave it to him as a tip--the two are the same size--and only found out my mistake this evening when counting up my cash (for practice), and found I was *short* one gold piece, and *over* one-half franc that I could not account

for. Experience is a good teacher, and from now on waiters will get "tips" from *me in coppers*, if I have to hire a boy to carry a load of sous around for me.

We are in a new country; there is a decided change in "the looks of things" from England and "the States." The trees, the fields, the gardens, the houses, the horses, cattle, and people are all different, and all strange.

It is interesting, but we cannot see very much of the country from this fast train; an occasional château or monastery, a village, or a town, but mostly railway embankments, cuts, tunnels, hills, etc., until we reach St. Denis and get our first view of the outer fortifications of Paris (the strongest fortified *inland* town in the world).

We reached Paris (station Nord) at 4:45 P. M., and after getting my luggage through the custom-house, a porter placed it and me in a voiture, and I was driven to the Hotel Continental, where, after a light supper, I went to my room and spent the evening in writing my log.

October 8th, Wednesday.—I was up and had my bath and dressed ready to meet Mr. G. on his arrival at 8:00 A. M., from Vienna. The meeting of Mr. G. here is a real pleasure to me, and I certainly appreciate his leaving his family and giving up the pleasure of his own trip with them and riding twenty hours from Vienna to meet me here. We visited and discussed plans while taking our leisure at breakfast, and at

10:00 A. M., we called a cab and drove to the address of Mr. L. S.'s brother (to whom I have a letter of introduction); he was not in, so we drove to the Credit Lyonnais, to the manager of which bank I have letters from First National Bank of Chicago. The manager was not in, so we drove back to S. and found he would not return before 5:00 P. M. We then drove to Grand Hotel Café, and dismissing the voiture; had our luncheon, and then back to Credit Lyonnais for a 2:30 appointment.

We were kept waiting until 3:00 before we could secure an interview, but once in the manager's office, he gave me all the time I demanded, and I remained with him in consultation for over an hour. He speaks excellent English, and gave me reliable information and advice, and offered his services at any future time I might wish to call on him. He also gave me the addresses of a reliable English-speaking attorney, to whom I can apply for information or advice. As it was too late to see more business men at their offices, Mr. G. and I hired a voiture and had a drive through a number of the principal streets and boulevards, seeing the various points of interest, made familiar by our readings, then to a café for supper, after which we took a stroll along the boulevards watching the crowds along the sidewalks, and at the little tables outside the restaurants and cafés, and so along to the two amusing entertainments situated in buildings adjoining one another, and called respectively "Heaven" and "Hell."

We went into "Hell" first, and after purchasing our tickets at the box-office, were met at the door by "Satan"—horns, hoofs and tail—and conducted to seats. An amusing custom prevails at these places of "giving a name" to each one of the audience, as he or she enters the room. It is probably very funny if one could only understand the language. Anything very striking about a person is liable to give him a nickname, "Fatty," or "Shorty," or "Mr. Baldhead," etc., etc. I did not know of the custom, and was therefore somewhat nonplused when "Satan" stopped me from sitting down, and putting his hand on my shoulder, spoke loudly and rapidly to the audience. Half the people in the house turned and looked at me, and I began to wish I had a gun in my pocket, but most of them commenced to laugh, and one or two cried out "something" that I could not understand, and finally a pretty "cocotte" jumped up and stood on her chair, and pointing at me said a few words, of which I could only understand "Mons. Cocquelin." The next thing I knew fifty or more people were on their feet, climbing on their chairs, waving their hats, parasols, fans, or handkerchiefs, and yelling like mad, while "Satan" grabbed my hat from off my head (for which he came near getting a black eye), and slapping me on the shoulder, he waved "*my hat*," and yelled "Missieu Cocquelin!" at the top of his voice. It seems something in my appearance resembled Cocquelin, the artist, and it took the crowd's fancy, and so "Cocque-

lin" I became, and during my hour there I was spoken to by dozens of people, men who asked a match or a cigarette from Mons. Cocquelin, flower-girls who insisted that Cocquelin buy a bouquet *of* them, and other girls who were equally insistent that Cocquelin buy a bouquet *for* them. From Hell we went to the door of Heaven and bought tickets there and were admitted at the gates by St. Peter (his key is six feet long), who turned us over to an angel with wings, who conducted us to seats near the foot of "the throne," and who informed us in vile English that we could smoke there, as it was a "good heaven," and inquired whether we wished *wine* or *beer!* From Heaven we went to the "Moulin Rouge," in the Boulevard de Clichy, a music and dance hall, and watched the crowd and the fancy dances for another hour, then to our hotel and to bed, pretty tired, but well pleased and amused with the novelty and gayety of Paris as seen in my first day here.

At 4:00 P. M. Mr. G. and I took a voiture and drove around the city until 6:30 P. M., seeing the Bois du Bologne, Arc de Triomphe, Pont Alexander, and the château of Count Castellane, the husband of G. G.'s sister, then to supper on the avenue des Italiiane, and after supper we went to the Folies-Bergère, and were well entertained by the performance there until nearly midnight, then home (hotel, I mean), pretty well tired by the time I reached my room, but satisfied that I have not wasted much time.

October 10th, Friday.—A French breakfast at 9:00 A. M., then a cab to Mr. T.'s office, and from there to office of LaF. No one at this office speaks English, so my guide-interpreter came in very handy. I have found it necessary to employ a guide, as my inability to speak the language makes it difficult to get along rapidly without one.

Of course, if I was only *sight-seeing* I could get along very well alone, as Paris is an easy city to travel, and as for driving, the porter (portier) at the hotel (who seems to speak all languages) will give your driver when you start out instructions enough to last all day. At most of the shops, bazaars, and *magazines* (or large stores), and at nearly all the cafés, restaurants, and hotels English is spoken by a number of the clerks, waiters, or other attendants. As to-morrow (Saturday) is a Jewish fast-day, and with the elect commences this evening at 6:00, I do not have the pleasure of Mr. G.'s society at dinner this evening, nor will I see him again for twenty-four hours, as he goes to the church (synagogue) [I do not know how to spell that word] at 7:00 A. M., and remains there fasting all day. A queer custom that. I understand that if the fasting and prayer are duly observed, all the sins are forgiven *up to date*—something like Catholic absolution from a priest. I have a big notion to try it once for luck, but am too busy to spare the time, and besides, "forgiveness" costs money. It is something like the sign on the old Scotch church that "Salvation is free, seats are not!"

At this particular fast-day, seats are sold here in Paris as high as three hundred francs for the day for the best seats, and *presumably* for a corresponding degree of forgiveness.

Well, I was not entirely sorry to be able to reach my room by 7:30, and get rid of collar and shoes, and with comfortable slippers on tired feet, to have an hour or two in which to write up my "log" and get to bed early, for at least *one* night in Paris.

If I'm going to see a minute fraction of the many wonderful sights of this most wonderful city, I do not suppose I'll get *any more* sleep during the remainder of my stay, so good night.

October 11th, Saturday.—Just four weeks ago to-day that I sailed from New York. At times it seems as though it was only four *days* ago that we were all at Davenport, surrounded by our own people. I can just close my eyes and see each loved face and hear each dear voice. At certain other times it seems as many years have passed.

Aiee! Aiee!! the world still moves, and here am I in gay Paree, and still able to see a pretty girl *on one side* (of me).

One thing I like about the dames of Paris, they never by any accident permit their dresses to drag in the dirt, or to even touch the sidewalk. Foreign ladies visiting here evidently adapt themselves immediately to the custom, for I have not seen a lady, not even a shop-girl or work-woman, with her skirts within three

inches of the ground. Of course, it gives opportunity for the display of pretty feet, small ankles, fancy hosiery, and all kinds of frills and flounces, and embroidered lace studding-sails, etc., etc., peeping out, so it may not all be attributed to cleanliness. Another nice drive this afternoon and a trip to the Louvre and Bon Marche, and Magazin Blanche to make a few purchases. I needed some handkerchiefs for myself, and asked for *large, plain white linen ones*. The clerk showed me some that I thought would do, so I said I would take a dozen, but happened to remember T.'s oft-repeated caution to ask the price, and was told sixty franc per dozen. I finally compromised on a dozen, at thirty franc, after being shown some handkerchiefs *in the piece*, where they cut off as many as you want, and then cut them apart and hem them; they were plain white linen, and sold at two hundred and ten francs per dozen (*\$3.50 a piece*). If I only bought a few of the really *nice* things one can find here, I would need *\$1,000,000*, and would not even require to purchase an extra hand-bag to take them home in.

Mr. G. was *released* promptly at six P. M., and we went to Restaurant Margurey and *filled up* (I had not had anything since breakfast), then to the "Nouveau Cirque," in the Rue St. Honore, which, like all other entertainments I have been to here, was *first-class*. The two numbers that seemed to please the audience most, and brought encore after encore, were, strangely, by Americans—one, bareback rough-riding,

by a darkey cow-boy; the other, fancy bicycle-riding, by Ed G., the one-legged rider (he and his wife are stopping at this hotel); he rides *down* a flight of wooden stairs that are forty feet high and *up* an inclined *steep* the same height. His final act is to ride *off* from a platform suspended fifty-one feet above the audience and go splash, bike and all, into the water in the center of the arena (as you will note by inclosed programme).

And so ends another *not* altogether monotonous week in foreign lands.

October 12th, Sunday.—Mr. G. left me after breakfast and took train for the north to visit his father and other relatives. I was sorry to have him go; he has been very kind to me, and is a jolly good companion. This leaves me alone again in a city of 3,600,000 people, utterly lost in the crowd.

It clouded up about 10:30 A. M., and commenced to rain by 10:45, and I did not go to church. At 11:15 the sky cleared up and the sun came out nice and bright and warm. It was too late for church, but I thought it a good day to *see things*, so I looked about me.

This is a great city, a metropolitan city, a cosmopolitan city, a gay, wonderful, clean, beautiful, attractive, entertaining, and instructive, and several other kinds of a city.

I've seen things. I've been to the Hotel des Invalides and stood at the tomb of the great Napoleon, and

saw all the battle-flags captured in all his wars. I've been to the Eiffel Tower, saw the unfortunate Bradsky sail over the city this morning on his journey to death in his balloon. Been to the Cluny Museum, the Bastile, Saints Chapel, The Champs Élysée, Ports St. Denis and St. Martin, and to 210,854 other places, and have not seen one-half, one-quarter, or one-hundredth of all I wish to see. During my next period of re-incarnation, if I find myself assigned again to this sphere, and with a surplus of filthy lucre at my command, I'm going to live in Paris, and *do something in carnation* myself. But this rose has many thorns, and much as I would enjoy seeing it all, I find that I need an opera-glass, a field-glass, telescope, microscope, and *looking-glasses* generally, to see it at all, and when night comes I'm glad to roll into bed and say "God bless our home."

I wish that everybody I know were with me, and that we were all going to stay forever, and then come back again. I cannot remember one-tenth part of what I see day by day. When I go home I'll take a guide-book along with me, and then read it through and find out what I have seen. I tell you honestly, there is more to be seen in Paris in a year than there is in Moline in two weeks. Mr. C., of New York, who came over on the Campania with me, dropped into this hotel this P. M., and seemed glad to meet me. I certainly was glad to see him. We went to the grand opera together this evening, not because either of us can understand or appreciate high-class music, but to

see the house, the stage appointments, and the crowd. It was well worth the cost, just as an experience—once.

I was hardly prepared for the magnificence of it, notwithstanding the fact that I have read numerous descriptions of it all. The stage and settings were way beyond anything I could have imagined possible.

It is considerably past midnight and I'm tired out and can hardly see, and so I'll say "Good night," again.

God bless mine own people.

October 15th, Wednesday.—Left Paris at 8:20 this A. M. for Amsterdam. The day was bright and sunny, and while I did get a little tired before night, I thoroughly enjoyed the trip through northern France, Belgium and Holland. Leaving Paris by the LeGrande Vitesse, we passed successfully through Creil, Tergnier, St. Quentin, Busegny, and Mons, and finally reached the frontier. As my baggage (luggage, I mean), was registered through to Holland I only had to stand around and see the fun, while the Belgium customs officers examined the luggage of those passengers who were booked for Belgium.

The ride through Belgium was very entertaining; the landscape is quite different from either England or France, and the dresses of the peasant in the fields are of a nondescript character. I rather imagine that as the German and French styles of dress, architecture, and language elbow each other in Belgium, so do the

various customs and habits of different nationalities find expression in all other Buffer States, resulting in a sort of hemaphoditic sociological conditions, that partake of the chief characteristics of the more powerful adjoining neighbors.

Brussels is a beautiful city, so is Marne and likewise Antwerp (the home and center of the diamond trade of the world). The new elevated embankment of the railroad through the very heart of the city is worth a journey of a thousand miles to see. The rails are about twenty feet above the street-grade, with granite arches sprung over intersecting streets, and the sloping sides of the embankment a perfect flower-show, surmounted and fringed with stone balustrades artistically carved, and relieved at street-crossings with a hundred different styles of stone towers, pillars, arches, and colonnades. The construction is massive, shows on its face that it is built to endure for all time, and yet the effect is that the whole structure, miles long, was built solely for the purpose of beautifying the city and pleasing the eye with its artistic finish. The fortifications of Antwerp are grand specimens of military engineering skill.

They surround the city on three sides (the fourth being protected by the river), and the grassy parapets, the broad glacis, and deep moats, all kept in the very best of condition, make one wonder how the people who pay the taxes can afford it all.

From Antwerp to Rosendaal on the Holland border,

is a ride devoid of anything of interest, so far as I could see.

At Rosendaal we were inspected by the Holland customs (so far I have not been "held up" for a sou-markee), and then suddenly our landscape undergoes a change. We are in the low country, at almost a minute's notice, dykes and canals and windmills on every side; a new and thoroughly distinctive style to everything, copying the customs nor costumes of no other country, Holland has a style of its own, from windmills to wooden shoes, from the dresses of its peasants to its form of government, and it is all pleasing to the eye, sensible, harmonious, and fitting admirably to natural surroundings.

From Rosendaal to Dordrecht, Schiedam, Rotterdam, The Hague and Haarlem, our train speeds along in the approaching twilight, and finally reaches Amsterdam at 6:00 P. M., just as the city begins to show its myriads of electric lights. I got a porter (porttier) to put my luggage in the bus, and am driven rapidly past queer-looking blocks and rows of houses, with dormer windows, high chimneys, and red tile roofs; through avenues bordered with tall shade trees; over many bridges spanning many canals; and finally reach *the* dam of Amsterdam, the center of all the dams of this d— country, and alight at the door of the Krasnopolsky to find Mr. G. waiting to welcome me, and to hurry me up to where he has two great big rooms adjoining and communicating, richly furnished, elegant

rugs on the polished hard-wood floor, heavy draperies and curtains at doors and windows, a nice fire in Dutch stove, bureaus, stands, and tables covered with chrysanthemums, geraniums, and roses, and a table all set in our rooms, with *two* kinds of fish, *three* kinds of meat, eggs, vegetables, salad, *five* kinds of bread, *two* kinds of cheese, fruit, jelly, marmalade, tea, coffee, milk, and Rhine wine, all ready to sit down to and eat—just a little old-fashioned Dutch supper (so he said). If you think I did not enjoy that meal you are mistaken.

October 16th, Thursday.—All day with the attorney of the Dutch underwriters.

In the evening, in company with Mr. G., went to Oscar Carr's Queen of the Netherlands Circus and saw another first-class show.

The house is a wonder, seats eight thousand people, and was jammed full from top to bottom.

October 17th, Friday.—Another day with attorneys and underwriters until nearly 4:00 P. M., then a walk and a drive through this Venice of the north—water, canals, bridges everywhere; visited the public parks and squares, the markets, and in the evening the Palace of the Queen; it is really finer than my own home at Evanston, but not so nice and comfortable; you cannot smoke in the parlors or drawing-rooms, and there is quite an air of stiffness and primness visible everywhere throughout the ranch.

October 18th, Saturday.—Finished my work here, and will leave to-morrow (Sunday) at 8:55 A. M. for ——.

In the afternoon we went to Haarlem and Delft, and I have one or two little specimens of *genuine* Delft, purchased direct from the factory, to take home as a memento of my visit here.

The evening was spent in packing my trunk again—it gets to be a harder task each time—and in writing up this log.

It is now just 4:00 A. M. Sunday, and I guess I've written enough for one night, so good night.

Holland, Sunday, October 19, 1902.—Left Amsterdam at 8:55 A. M. on a bright, sunshiny day, clear and cool. Stopped at historic Utrecht for fifteen minutes. Reached Arnheim at 10:37 A. M., where Mr. G. again joined me, met his brother Marcus and wife—very nice people; the brother looks very much like Mr. S. G., the wife very much like my sister C., a good, big, dark, middle-aged woman, with kindness and good-nature shining from her face and eyes. The whole country a network of canals, all kinds of boats, hundreds of windmills, peasants dressed in their "Sunday best," and altogether very picturesque and pleasing to the eye. The land lies so low (below the sea level) that the air is very moist and trying on my lungs and bronchial tubes, making me cough a good deal. At Westelvoort I got my first glimpse of the Rhine, and at Levenaar (my last station in Holland) saw where Mrs. G. was born, and where Mr. G. went courting.

Germany.—Enemerich on the Holland-German frontier; we had to stop to have our baggage examined by

German customs officials; examination merely formal, not at all close or rigid. After passing Enemerich the character of the whole landscape undergoes an almost immediate change from the flats and dykes and canals of Holland to the hills and valleys and woods of Germany, its closely crowded towns, villages, and cities, its intensely cultivated fields and farms, and its innumerable factories of all kinds.

All day the beautiful valley of the Rhine, the sun shining even brighter, and the weather warmer and pleasanter. On through Crefeld and Dusseldorf to Cologne (Koln), where we had a half-hour's stop, and employed the time in viewing the beautiful cathedral, which has taken three hundred years in building, and is not entirely completed yet. It lies just across the street from the railway station, and is a wonderful piece of architecture, its main tower and steeple supported by two smaller ones, and all three most elaborately carved to the topmost pinnacle, can be seen outlined clearly against the sky, miles from the city.

We passed through Bohm, the great university town, where the sons of the emperor are attending school, and through Bingen, "Fair Bingen on the Rhine," and Mayence, and finally reached Frankfort on the Main, and had time for a two-hours' walk about the principal streets and squares before dark, then to a restaurant for a late dinner (or early supper), and back to Hotel Bristol, and to bed. The Bristol is a fine hotel, just across "the circle" from the railway

station, good, large, clean rooms, good meals and moderate prices.

Monday, October 20, 1902.—Breakfast at 7:00 A. M., and then a walk of one hour, and a drive of four hours, gave us a pretty good view of this, one of the four ancient “free cities” of Germany (Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck being the ones thus distinguished).

There are many lovely, interesting, and historic spots to be visited, the one most attractive to visitors being the magnificent palm gardens, where the display of palms, ferns, bamboo, etc., is immense, while the ornamental shrubbery and flowers, lakes, fountains, and statues must be seen to be appreciated. Fine bridges span the river, and a drive through the “old town” is a rare treat. We visited the house of Goethe, where all the furnishings are preserved complete, just as he used them, and as he left them when he died; the house where Luther lived, and the balcony window, over the front door, from which he preached to the people; saw buildings over one thousand years old, with the original mural decorations still fresh and complete through all the storms of ages; the old house and home of the Rothschilds, where the founder of the family lived and died, and where a representative of the great financial house has lived ever since, until this year. Upon the death this year of the brother residing here, the house was finally closed, and the financial office, representing \$170,000,000, removed from Frankfort, probably forever.

The streets of Frankfort are broad, well paved, and kept scrupulously clean. The buildings are massive and very ornate, and the shops and stores a perfect wilderness of beautiful displays of all kinds of merchandise. After a good dinner, or luncheon, at the Bristol, we resumed our journey by rail, up the Rhine. It seems odd to say *up the Rhine*, as we are going *down south* all the time, but the Rhine has its source in the Swiss Alps, and flows *northward* through Germany. Our journey yesterday and to-day was through the very heart of the wine country (the Rhine and Moselle), and a most wonderful country it is. The entire valley of the Rhine is almost a "continuous town," the villages and towns and cities on each bank of the river almost touching each other, and the peasant population, growers of grapes and sugar beets, is so dense that one seems to feel as though traveling all the day through the suburbs of a vast city. This is a great country and a great nation.

Militarism is rampant everywhere; soldiers, guards, fortresses, etc., are before the eye at all times. Uniforms in countless varieties, railway and telegraph, postal employees, army reserves, militia, student corps, all uniforms of different types and distinctive classifications of each, until actually the people living here cannot say to whom or what many of the uniforms belong, nor what they represent.

The Rhine is a great artery of German traffic; the river is just teeming with crafts of every description

that can be made useful—fast passenger steamers, large freight boats, light ones of a dozen different kinds, with steam sails, electricity, and oars as propulsive power. Huge rafts of logs from the "Schwartzwald," or Black Forest, floating calmly along to deliver their timber through Germany, and also to supply Holland and Belgium. The scenery is grand, the hilltops surmounted by ancient castles and fortresses, many of them well preserved, but the majority are ruins. The great statue on the point of the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, where the old emperor sits watching the French frontier, and which gives the title to the "Wacht am Rhine," is of historic interest; the fortifications there and at Strassburg are monuments to the foolishness of men.

When will *men* throw off the yoke of slavery and refuse to contribute money and life and go to war at the beck or call of a few individual men like themselves? Why is it not possible for Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy to form a confederation of states similar to our own? To fortify their seaboard, if they think it necessary as against foreign invasion, to maintain a small standing-army as the nucleus of defense, and thus release millions of men (who are now idlers, and only a burden on the tax-payers) to be used in the production of wealth for the benefit of all?

The vineyards on the hillsides make a most interesting picture, rising terrace upon terrace, and extend-

ing back for miles into the hills. A grower may cultivate all the vines he pleases, but he cannot pick his grapes until the official inspector has examined the crop and pronounced it ready to gather.

In the valleys and hills the sugar beets are just being gathered, and the country is swarming with peasants, all busy as bees, thousands upon thousands of men, women, children, horses, and cattle being employed to gather the crop. In many places a horse, donkey, or ox is hitched to the cart with a woman, but the brute has the best of it, for he rests and eats the beet-tops while the woman works to load the cart and then helps him drag it home.

From Frankfort through Darmstadt, Mannheim, Carlsruhe, Rastatt, Strassburg, Freiberg (the gateway to the Black Forest), and on to Basel the ride is a delightful panorama of new and interesting sights.

At Basel the Swiss customs officials go through their farce of inspections; as the whole country makes its living principally from the tourists, they are very careful not to displease any of them by enforcing obnoxious customs regulations. My hand-baggage was not examined at all, and by the time I had my trunk *unlocked* an official had chalked it "O. K.," without even raising the lid. The ride from Basel to Lucerne was after dark, so I have no idea of the country, but after a short ride in a bus to the "Switzerland" I was not only surprised, but delighted to find it a hotel of the size and magnificence of the Ponce-de-Leon in Florida, and

the prices of the Avenue House at Evanston, and luxury of luxuries, as fine a bath off my bedroom as I ever occupied, with *hot* and cold water in plenty, and a full supply of bath-towels. Maybe you think I did not revel in that bath-tub; it cost me at least two hours of sleep, but oh! how I *did* sleep after it.

Switzerland, Tuesday, October 21, 1902.—Called at 6:30 and had breakfast at 7:00 A. M., as we leave here at 10:30 for Milan. On opening my eyes I jumped out of bed, opened the windows on to the balcony, and went out in my pajamas to find beautiful Lake Lucerne within a stone's throw of where I stood, a grand sheet of water extending for miles in deep bays, wooded shores, bold headlands and rocky points, and for a background the massive peaks of the Swiss Alps, all snow-capped and glistening with millions of diamond crystals from the morning sun. It is simply beyond my power to describe the sight or my sensations. I only know that God is good to have made it all, and to have permitted me to *see* it. I ran back into the room, got the camera, and *hope* I can show you the picture of it. I took *two* snap-shots before I realized that quite a number of natives, both male and female, seemed to be very much interested in the crazy "Americano" who was dancing around in the cool morning air, clad only in Pongee silk pajamas. A quick breakfast and a couple of hours' stroll through the city of wood-carvings, Swiss watches, and summer resort hotels, and then we were on the train for Milano.

The ride through the Swiss Alps is a never-ending panorama of delightful surprises, deep, dark valleys, with their fields and vineyards, wooded hills, with queer little hamlets dotting their sides, beautiful lakes glistening among the hills, the peasants, with their quaint costumes, the mouse-colored cattle, the shaggy horses, the well-kept roads, the fences, with posts of cut granite slabs stuck into the ground, the trim hedges, the sharp-pointed church-spires, an occasional castle, many chalets and huge monasteries on the higher peaks, and myriads of waterfalls, all hemmed in and surmounted by the snow-capped mountains, makes a picture that is constantly changing, but ever delightful to the eye. I thought I had seen difficult engineering accomplished in the construction of railways in the "Rockies," but this road has been far more difficult to build, and more expensive. Tunnels are necessary at almost every turn, and we pass through dozens of them, some of them semi-circular through solid rock, going straight into a cliff, making a turn *in the mountain* and coming out on the same side of the cliff, only at a higher elevation. Tunnels of a half-mile, or a mile in length are of frequent occurrence, but the great St. Gothard caps the climax. (I don't know what a climax is in this country, at home it means plug-tobacco, but it caps it just the same.) We enter the tunnel at full speed, and do not slacken the pace while going through, yet my watch showed that it took us exactly *seventeen minutes* from daylight to daylight. Think of boring a

hole through solid rock large enough to run trains through, and that hole *nine miles long*. At the last station at which we stopped before entering the tunnel I had time to go forward and take a snap-shot of the tunnel's mouth.

On the north side of the tunnel we left crisp, almost frosty, air in Switzerland, and then dropped down to Lake Como into an atmosphere as balmy as June; the change from Switzerland to Italy is a marked one, and at this season a delightful one. I saw the awful effects of more than one avalanche in Switzerland, in one place where a whole village had been crushed and completely demolished (some forty years ago), the whole valley being strewn with immense boulders, some of them nearly as large as our house at Evanston. At Chiasso, on the Italian frontier (where we had another farcical customs examination), I would have lost my trunk completely had it not been for a young Italian, whose acquaintance I had made on the train. We got out of our compartment for a little walk, when I happened to see my trunk on a truck being wheeled into the depot. As my luggage had been registered through to Milan, I started to investigate, and with the help of my Italian friend managed to rescue the trunk from about ten jabbering officials, and get it back into the luggage-van just as the train pulled out. It seems the baggageman had mistaken the number of my receipt and insisted the trunk must stop at Chiasso.

Italy.—The journey from Chiasso to Milan, like all

other parts of my journey, was very interesting to the tenderfoot from Chicago, an entirely new and strange country to me.

Scenery, buildings, costumes of the people, all changed in just a few hours' ride. Hedges and fences give way to compound walls, apple and pear trees replaced by peaches, apricots, and pomegranates, sugar-beets succeeded by the mulberry-trees, on which the silk-worm feeds, and the granaries and warehouses by the peculiar buildings in which the cocoons are stored. Public washing-places abound, and women and children are crowding around them, washing their linen and spreading it in the sun to dry.

Upon arriving at Milan we are driven to the Grand Hotel de Milano, where we find comfortable rooms assigned to us. These Italian houses are queer, no heat in the rooms, except that obtained from the sun during the day, then as evening approaches, the outside shutters, of solid wood, are closed, the windows tightly fastened, and the blinds and curtains within are tightly drawn, and you are comfortable until the sun shines again.

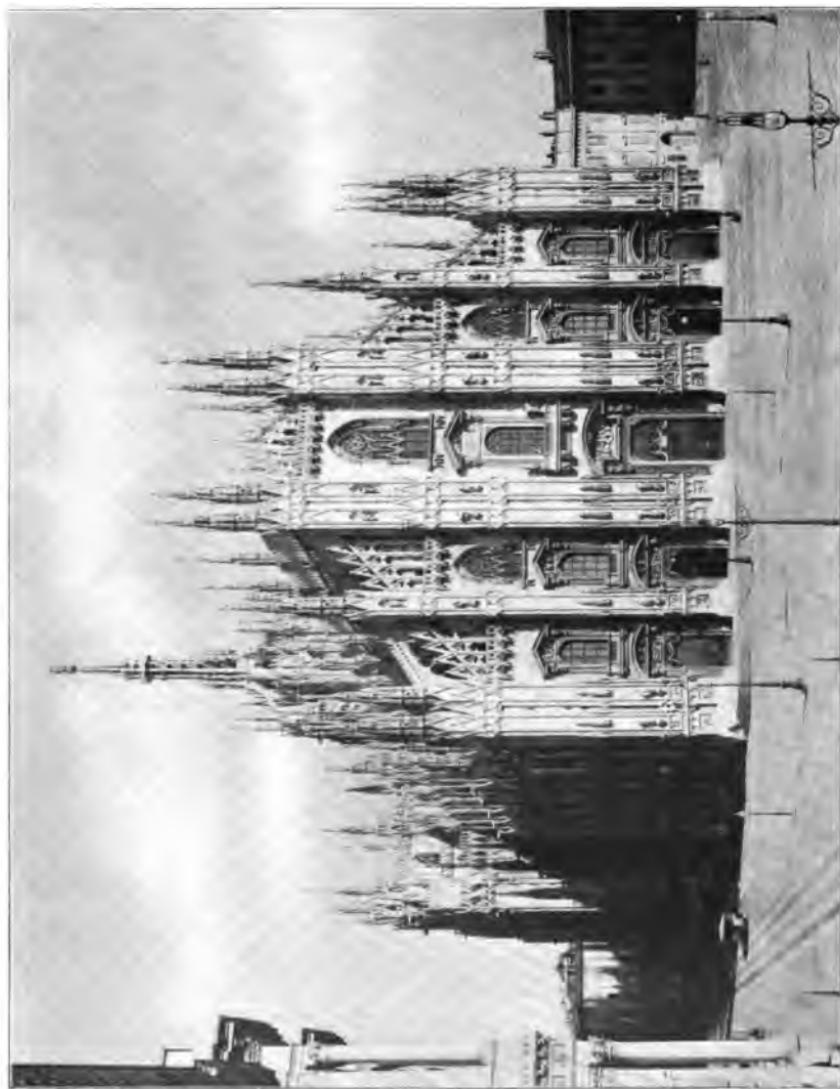
Wednesday, October 22, 1902.—Milan, with its old buildings, narrow streets, queer people, fruit-vendors flower-girls, street-beggars, and Edison electric street-cars, is a sight worth seeing.

A walk through the principal streets in the center of the city, a visit to the immense and wonderful arcade, in itself almost a complete city under glass, with its

innumerable shops, bazaars, and café, and then through the great cathedral, was a show worth the full price of admission.

Coming out into the colonnade bordering the arcade, one is suddenly confronted, overwhelmed, and amazed at the first sight of the cathedral. Vastly more extensive in size than the cathedral at Cologne, it is, in my opinion, also grander, more beautiful and pleasing to the eye.

Built in the form of a Latin cross, the outside is adorned with *six thousand* carved statues, none of which are *less than life-size*. Those lowest down, in niches ten or fifteen feet above the sidewalk, are of natural size, those higher up (thirty to fifty feet), are seven and eight feet high, and so they go on increasing in size, according to their altitudes, being ten and fifteen feet high on the roof of the building, and twenty-five feet high on the towers and steeples. The effect in perspective is wonderful, bringing each and every figure into bold prominence, yet forming a perfect image without any appreciation of contrast in size, everything combined to form a perfectly harmonious picture. There are no seats in the church. It is said to accommodate forty thousand people at one time. We take a cab and drive through the city, visiting the arena, with its immense amphitheater, its grass-grown seats rising tier above tier, its moat still kept flooded with water, its lions' cages, gladiators' rooms and gates, its royal box, and the center plainly showing the mark-



THE MILAN CATHEDRAL



ings of a foot-ball field, where two English teams gave their exhibition games this summer. We visited the old castle, and were just in time to see some *new* old things.

Certain repairs are now in progress, made necessary by the crumbling and falling of parts of the walls, and a very mine of ancient mosaics and wall decorations, the existence of which was unsuspected, have just been brought to light.

When the city was held by the Spaniards, in the sixteenth century, the castle was occupied by them, and many rooms were plastered over. We saw workmen engaged in removing this plaster as carefully as though they were handling eggs, and beneath it most beautiful decorations are discovered.

In one room that has been used as a soldiers' kitchen until 1894, there has been uncovered decorations on the ceiling alone which the city has refused one million dollars for. In room No. 6 of the Archæological Museum, there is a ceiling painted by Leonardi, representing a bower of cherry-trees over the entire room, the branches interlaced, the blue sky shining through the interstices, and the ripe fruit looking ready to pick and eat, the effect being to make one think he is actually in the open air.

The Scala Theater here is another great sight; it seats forty-five hundred people, there being six tiers of boxes (holding ten each) entirely around the theater, except, of course, on the side of the stage, and each

box has its own separate dressing-room, where theater parties may be served with refreshments, even supper. The furnishings are sumptuous, the stage, said to be the largest in the world, is one hundred and forty feet wide and one hundred and eight-five deep, from front to rear. At one performance there was on the stage at one time one thousand people, twenty-five horses, two elephants, besides camels, cattle, and dogs.

Oh, my! I wish I had ten good eyes and could go without eating or sleeping for the next two weeks, or else that I had my family and friends with me, a million dollars to spend, and all the time necessary at my disposal.

Good night, and good by for the present. We are off for Venice, via Verona, and I expect to see the next daylight from my window overlooking the Grand Canal of the Queen of the Adriatic.

Of our trip from Milan to Venice I can recall but little, as I was too tired, and too sleepy to know what was going on around me. I remember seeing a very pretty Italian girl come into our compartment at Brescia, and I made up my mind to learn the language of the country, so I could talk to her, but before I learned it I was fast asleep in my corner, and when I awoke she was gone. At 11:30 P. M. we arrived at Venice, and a couple of porters put our luggage in "the bus," not a *four-wheeler*, but a *stern-wheeler*. Just think of it! Mr. G. and I, with all our luggage in a real live gondola (i. e., we had a live gondolier) on the

canals of Venice at midnight, with a beautiful moon hanging out in a cloudless sky over the city. The hotel porter who met the train and was in the "bus" with us, spoke fairly good English, and through him we tried to get the gondolier to sing for us, as we glided smoothly along narrow passages, between tall buildings and under fantastic, carved marble bridges. We were told he could not sing, as the hour was too late, it would not be permitted. But I was not going to lose the chance of an echo from those silent, dark, and mysterious marble walls, so I cried out "Boat Ahoy!" man-o-war style; maybe you think the echoes were asleep! Well, they were not; they were wide awake and ready for business, and they just yelled back Boat Ahoy! all down that sleepy old canal in a way that showed how they enjoyed the fun. Our gondolier and the porter both commenced to read me the riot act in the Venetian dialect, but Mr. G. said "Bully for you, Woodward, try it again!" and I did, and let off a good cow-boy whoop; we were just emerging into the broad, quiet water of the Grand Canal, and all Venice was as quiet as a mouse. The porter and gondolier again commenced their boarding-school Italian and kindergarten pantomime, and it began to look as serious as a mutiny in *Pinafore*. Gondolier shook his oar until the old gondolibus fairly rocked, and shook his head until I feared he would lose his big brass earrings, and the porter gravely informed me I "could not do that in Venice after midnight," but he was mistaken. I offered to bet

him a dollar I could do even better; I offered two to one, then three to one, and finally five dollars to a peseta, or a banana, or a macaroni, or any old thing, but could get no takers. So just to show him what the American eagle could do, I gave the best imitation I could of a Comanche war-whoop, just as we were passing under the immense marble arch of the Rialto, and wound up my performance by standing up and giving three United States cheers, Mr. G. and I both waving our hats in air. Windows were thrown open, lights flashed, and a gendarme ran out on the bridge and jabbered in Chianti with our porter, the only words that I could distinguish being "Americano" and "lunatico." We were allowed to pass on, as I kept quiet, and soon landed at the steps of The Vittori (being as near as they come to "Victoria").

Thursday, October 23, 1902.—Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic! What is the use of my even attempting to describe this ancient, unique, and mystic city? I will not even make the attempt, it has been told so often in song and story, from Shakespeare to Byron, and by dozens of others. We have all read of it. But Othello and Shylock, the canals, the Bridge of Sighs, the Inquisition, the Council of Ten, the Palaces of Desdemona and the Foscari, and the ancient Palace of the Doges, and the Church and Basilica of St. Mark, with its campanile three hundred and twenty-four feet high, have never seemed *real* to me before; they were like tales from the Arabian Nights, and now, at last, I'm



MR. WOODWARD AT THE PLACE SAINT MARCO

here, and find them real, veritable existences, in fact, not fancy.

Mr. G. had expected to meet his wife, daughter, and son-in-law (Mr. S.) here at the hotel, but inquiry developed the fact that they had not arrived. After our breakfast we hailed and entered a "gondolibus," and accompanied by an English-speaking guide, started on a tour of the various hotels to see if his family were in the city. At the third stop we found them at the Hotel d Italy, and they all professed pleasure at meeting me here.

Mr. S. G. is a Dutchman and a Jew, but I am proud to call him "my friend." When he first heard of my accident he *cabled* his son (at Chicago) to see that I wanted nothing that *money* could procure, asking if he could be of any service, and saying he would start for America *at once* if he could help me in any way.

After a family reunion of an hour or two, we all walked up to the Royal Palace, fed the pigeons in St. Mark's Square (the birds lighting all over us, on my hat, shoulders, arms, and hands, and even taking corn out from between my lips), visited one or two shops, and then to Bauer Café for luncheon.

After luncheon we got a large gondola, with two gondoliers, and rode over the principal streets (canals), until evening. Every street in this wonderful city is a *canal* street, with some outlandish Italian name as a substitute.

Imagine a city built to accommodate four hundred

thousand souls, built on one hundred and eighteen islands, and the islands themselves bisected and tri-sected with innumerable canals, not a single horse, cow, mule, donkey, ass, or other four-footed animal in its entire area (except dogs and cats, and possibly bed-bugs, but I do not know how many feet the last have), not a street-sweeper, nor street-car, nor wheeled vehicle, not a lawn-mower, not a street-sprinkler, nor road-commissioner, not a hill or valley, or any other of the things we usually see in a city, except buildings. I thought I had seen *clean cities* in Europe, but I had not, until I came here. There is less *dust* in Venice than in any place I ever visited before.

How would you like to live in a city where the house-maid opens the front door and dips her broom in the street and *washes* the front steps every morning? The *back-yards* are washed automatically twice each day, as at high tide they are about one or two feet *under water*.

I will have photos of all these marvels to show you on my return, if the camera has worked well, as I took a number of snap-shots during our ride. In the evening, after a good dinner, we all gathered on the balcony overhanging the grand canal, and we men smoked and we all listened to an open-air concert by a fine band, and talked of "home" and our loved ones, and wished they were with us to enjoy it all. In my next existence (the one after Paris, you know), I'm going to be a Venetian and go to sleep every night with the songs of

the gondoliers and the music of mandolins to induce Morpheus to get in his work properly.

Friday, October 24, 1902.—Say, this is great! You can get up at 7:00 A. M., rig up your fishing-tackle, sit at your front window, or back window, in your pajamas, and drink your coffee, while you catch fish for your breakfast.

I did not have a rod and line with me, so did not enjoy the experience myself, but I saw my neighbor across the street (or canal) doing it, while I was dressing.

I'm going to say right here and now that this log of mine is consuming too many hours, so I'm going to make it brief. I'm traveling too fast and too hard, and making this trip in just about one-tenth of the time one should devote to it. So to get any good from it at all, and to see as much as I can, I am up at 6:30 A. M., have breakfast at 7:00, am out and around the city by 8:00 A. M., and keep it up *all day long, and until* I cannot keep at it any longer at night. I get to my room anywhere from 10:30 to midnight, and it is a physical impossibility to write any more at night, as I have been doing; many a night I have written two or three, and sometimes four hours, but I cannot keep it up any longer. So when you find merely a line instead of a page, you will know I've been spending my time in what seems to me to be the most sensible manner, under the circumstances, and that I write only a memo here to refresh my memory, and on my return I'll try and describe it to the best of my ability.

This has been my busy day. F. S. and I were out and all over the city this A. M., starting at 7:00 o'clock, and we took quite a number of pictures. At 10:00 A. M. we were joined by the rest of the party and visited the grand old Doges Palace; the wall and ceiling decorations, in carvings, paintings, and mosaics, is beyond description; we visited the council chamber; I dropped a note in the "Lion's mouth"; we went through the secret passages, down into the dungeons, saw the very implements of torture used during the days of the Inquisition; was locked in one of the dungeons in utter darkness; crossed the Bridge of Sighs, and held my head under the knife, which had it fallen, would have dropped my body in the canal.

We gazed on all the glorious mosaics of the Church of St. Mark, saw pillars of alabaster that came from King Solomon's Temple, visited the ruins of the Campanile, which recently fell, throwing its bronze bell of four tons weight through and crushing down the walls of the royal palace; visited the Rialto and the house of Shylock, saw the forts and the cemetery, and all the outlandishly rigged craft of the fishermen, Garibaldi's palace, the factory where the fine Venetian glassware is made, with its gold inlay work, and saw the making of Venetian lace, visited a number of stores, where Mrs. G. and Mrs. S. bought some pretty things to send to their Chicago relatives by me, and *then to bed* after a late supper.

Saturday, October 25th.—Mr. G. and I are off by the

8:50 A. M. train for Rome, and the whole party go in the gondola to the depot to see us off. It was my intention to put in one day at Firenze (Florence), but on the advice of Mr. G. we cut it out (except for one hour this evening), so as to put in more time at Rome and Naples. We reached Padova at 10:00 A. M. and Bologna at 2:00 P. M., where we lunched and had a half-hour's stroll. At Florence we stopped an hour and had a general bird's-eye view of the city, and that is all. From Florence to Rome I improved the time by getting a nap in the corner of my compartment, and we reached Rome at 12:00 midnight, and drove in the 'bus directly to the Quirinal, where we found good rooms and comfortable, clean beds, after a hard day's travel.

Sunday, October 26th.—The Eternal City, with its population of five hundred thousand people, and five hundred churches! What a contrast between Rome and all the other cities I've visited. Rome has not a single church spire or steeple; they are all replaced by domes and towers. I've been really and actually overawed to-day for the first time in my life. I seem to come here in direct contact with the past history of the human race. We took a drive around the entire city, with its seven hills, saw the ancient walls, the aqueducts, and visted the Colosseum, went into the arena, the royal box, the gladiators' quarters, and the dens of the wild beasts, saw the dungeons described so graphically in *Quo Vadis*; through Cæsar's palace, and on the

site of Nero's golden house; stood in the Roman forum, and with the point of my cane worked loose a bit of mosaic pavement that has lain covered for over two thousand years. I've got it in my trunk. I've seen *lead* pipes laid before the Christian era that are to-day better than those put in Chicago buildings a year ago. It makes one realize man's greatness and his utter insignificance at one and the same time, to stand on the very spot where seventy-five thousand captives were torn to pieces by wild beasts, and to see the massive structures, all the handiwork of many, still standing, solid, apparently, as ever, through all the lapse of years and the ravages of time.

A visit to the Roman museum and a drive along the Appian Way completed the day.

Monday, October 27th.—A busy day, sure enough; an hour's tour of the shops and bazaars immediately after breakfast, then a drive to St. Peter's, with its renowned arched dome and its mine of antiquities and art treasures, then to the Vatican, probably the most unique building in the world, a city by itself, with *eleven thousand rooms, eighteen miles* of gardens, all inclosed by walls thirty-two miles in circumference. We saw the museum, art gallery, the manufactory of Roman mosaics (they have tile here in stock, with twenty-eight thousand different shades of color), and then to St. Paul's and the Panthenon, with its massive pillars of granite and marble, its thick walls, without a single window, its huge dome, and all built without

mortar or beams or tie-rods of any description. The interior is lighted by an opening in the apex of the dome forty-eight feet in diameter, entirely uncovered, and through which all the rain and storms of centuries have beaten for ages, and still this hoary old pagan temple, antedating the time of Christ, looks as though it would still outlast any building we have in America.

Where is our improvement of modern times? Certainly not in the builder's art, nor in that of the sculptor or painter. Rome! I hate to leave it, it offers so much for study and reflection. I've seen excavations, showing where three cities have been built, one on top of the other, the very history and ages of the lower one being unknown. You can see to-day in the streets of Rome a few feet of the tops of marble pillars projecting above ground and supporting the remains of the roof of some ancient building, by whom built, or when built, no one knows, as the excavations have not been made, and the portion above ground occupied by a butcher-shop or carpet-weaver, the present tenant utterly indifferent as to who or what the original owner may have been. Modern Rome, on both sides of the Tiber, is a clean, handsome, well-built city, expensive houses, stores, hotels, and public buildings.

Well-lighted streets, electric cars, automobiles, fine cabs and carriages, stone-paved, and wearing an air of general health and prosperity. The people are clean, polite, well-dressed, well-behaved, and seemingly industrious, contented, and happy.

Good night! we are off at 6:30 for Naples, and will not reach there until half an hour after midnight.

Tuesday, October 28, 1902.—We reached Naples at 12:30 A. M., and took a "bus" to the Palace Hotel. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the streets were ablaze with lights, and alive with people and vehicles of all descriptions; the opera was just over, and many fine equipages and elegantly dressed ladies were to be seen and admired. Street-fakirs, fruit-venders, cabmen and beggars made the place a bedlam, with their shrill cries and cracking of whips. The huge bus drawn by two little horses, each about the size of an American jack-rabbit, jolted and rattled over the stone pavements, in and out through the crowded streets, up steep hills (so many of them that I lost all count), and finally, after a three-quarters of an hour's ride, which seemed interminable, drew up at the door of our hotel. The surroundings we could not discern through the darkness of the night, but the entrance was very fine, a heavy cut-stone arch and gateway, a couple of flanking towers, and a brilliantly lighted vestibule opening into what seemed to be a marble tunnel (something like the underground passage between the Auditorium and the Annex), only larger and more magnificent. A very polite "portier" met us, took charge of our hand-bags, and said that good rooms were awaiting us, if we would be good enough to walk to the "lift." Mr. G. said he did not want the *lift*, he *would not* go high up, but wanted rooms on the *first floor*. We

both fell down dead when we were informed that the hotel, a six-story building, was built on top of a cliff, that the tunnel, all paneled in marble, was cut through solid rock for two hundred and forty-five feet to the "lift," and that the *first floor* of the hotel was two hundred and forty feet above our heads, "would we be kind enough to step in the 'lift,' we would find the view very fine in the morning." We held a council of war and decided the risk was too great, and we had no intention of giving two widows to the world, but I saw a plate on the door of the elevator (lift), which said "Otis Elevator, Chicago, Ills.," so we got in and rode two minutes and fifteen seconds to the first floor, thence to handsome apartments, and to bed.

I did not have all the sleep I wanted, for exactly at 5:30 A. M. I jumped out of bed and said "Ay! Ay! sir!" It took me a full minute to know why I did it, but I finally appreciated the fact that a man-o'-war bugle was sounding "reveille," and throwing open my window I looked for the first time on the Bay of Naples, which lay spread out at my feet, the broad waters dotted with all kinds of queer craft, including the men-o'-war and merchantmen of all nations. It was another case of "Lucerne" with me, my windows opened to the floor, and I stepped directly onto a terrace balcony thirty feet broad and covered with plants and flowers; below me lay the city, to the right the hills, dotted with villas and vineyards, orange-groves and

fig-trees, and the long shore-line, with a number of fishing villages; the broad bay to the south formed the immediate center, with its piers, fortress, arsenal, docks, and shipping, with the Islands of Capri and Sorento as a background to the south, while to the left was Vesuvius, with its clouds of smoke rolling up and away from the summit crater, and the road to Herculaneum and Pompeii winding around its base. With an atmosphere like June, with morning-glories, roses, and violets all around me, with the first rays of the morning sun tinging everything with a rosy light, I at once admitted and appreciated that I was gazing on the loveliest spot on God's green earth, viz., the view to be seen at sunrise from the hills overlooking the Bay of Naples. I was too much interested to wish to wash, shave, or eat, but I did all three, and finished breakfast by 8:30 A. M.

Down our two-hundred-and-forty-foot shaft, through solid rock, out through our two-hundred-and-forty-five-foot marble tunnel, and we took a Neapolitan cab, with a horse about one-half my size, and with harness big enough for an elephant, and spent the whole day in getting a general view of the place.

We visited the parks and public squares, the wonderful aquarium, the National Museum, Arc de Triomphe, Port Capuana, the Cathedral, docks, arsenal, shops, and coral-workers, had luncheon in the Arcade, drove through the low quarters of the city, went through the King's Gardens, and finally got back to our hotel





MUSEUM IN POMPEII



EXCAVATED ROOM IN POMPEII

at 8:00 P. M., tired, dirty, hungry, and happy, and after a good dinner went to bed.

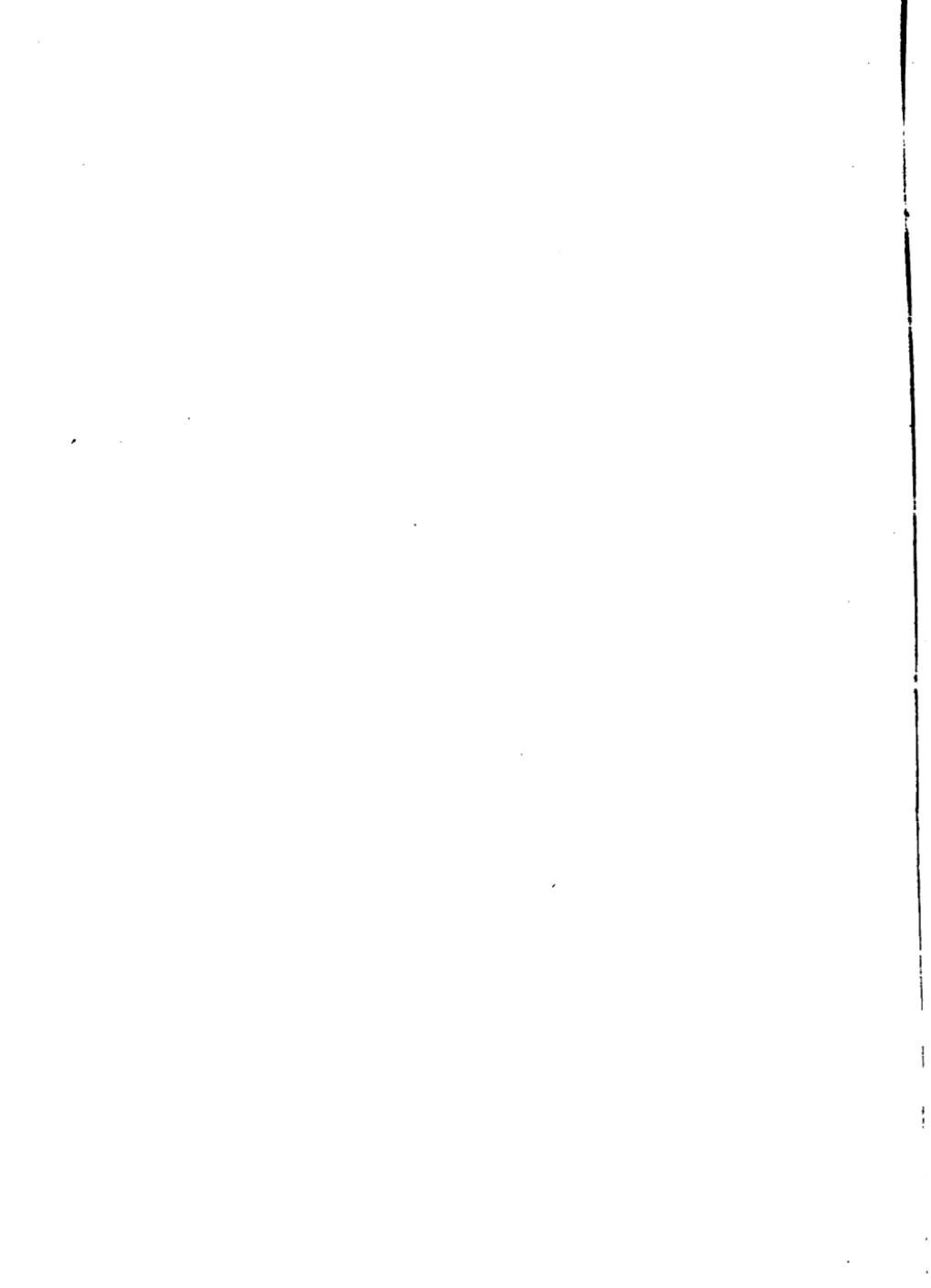
Wednesday, October 29, 1902.—Breakfast at 7:30 A. M., and at 8:30 A. M. we are in our carriage for a day's outing. Drove to Vesuvius, climbed the lava-beds, but could not reach the top on account of the dense smoke and hot vapors; through the hamlets and villages where the people all work on coral, or else are fishermen, past beautiful villas and palaces, and finally reached Herculaneum, saw the buildings and streets of the part excavated, and went down ninety feet through solid lava rock and explored the ancient theater (where I dug out [unperceived] one small mosaic from the floor); then on to "Pompeii," and tramped for four hours in a drenching rain, through the wonder of the world. I cannot write what I have seen; I'll do my best to tell it when I return; streets, wharfs, docks, houses, fountains, sidewalks, *lead-plumbing*, *brass-faucets*, *iron-locks*, terra-cotta tile and drains, brick-work, mosaic floors, etc., *just as good*, if not better than we produce to-day. Ornamentations in marble, bronze, mosaics, and frescoes *superior* to anything we can produce to-day. Oh! how I wish I could remain here a year, a month, a week even, just to see and learn and reflect on it all. I begin to understand the force of the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." I've seen a display of luxury and riches that no king, prince, potentate, or multi-millionaire of modern times can

hope to equal, let alone surpass. I've been through bath-houses as much superior to that of the Chicago Athletic Association as that club's bath is superior to the open beach at Evanston. I've been in dining-rooms where the cost of the wall decorations alone would pay for the entire decorations of the whole house of P. P., M. F., or P. A.

We saw human remains as they died in their agony two thousand years ago, a gladiator with clenched fists, and limbs drawn up in pain; a woman lying face downward with her only garment drawn tightly over her head in the vain endeavor to shut out the suffocating atmosphere; a dog chained to a post, biting himself in his delirium; and horror of horrors, a woman in the combined agonies of child-birth and suffocation from the relentless rain of hot ashes at the same time. Oranges, onions, bread, cakes, meals in preparation on the stoves as they stood nearly two thousand years ago, eggs, meats, garments, jewelry, all the various kitchen and household utensils and furniture, bronzes and marbles, frescoes and mosaics in endless array, fountains and aquariums that are marvels of elegance, beauty and ingenuity. A marble fountain with a marble basin ten feet in diameter and four feet high, elaborately carved, and the marble of the basin so thin and shell-like that you can see and count the fingers of one's hand *through the marble*. We do not seem to have improved over these people in our modern utensils. I saw frying-pans, boilers, sieves, and muffin-irons, im-



EXCAVATIONS IN POMPEII



plements and instruments of surgeons and dentists that look as though made a year ago. Oh! it is simply grand, wonderful, amazing, terrifying even, to look upon and think of. Human nature is unchanged, unchanging, and I believe *unchangeable*. These people had the same hopes, aims, and aspirations, the same joys, and loves of things artistic and beautiful, the same reverence for and faith in divine religion, and also the same passions and vices; examples of the latter are numerous enough, but hardly to be written of, it is perfectly proper to sum it all up by saying "as it is now, so it was in the beginning, and ever shall be."

The drive here and back to Naples is a continuous panorama of curious sights; we stopped to see the girls making and polishing the strings of coral beads; the cameo-cutters turning out such delicate carvings; the huge factories of macaroni, with the yards, streets, alley-ways, and even house-tops covered with macaroni hung out to dry. The aquarium here is said to be one of the finest in the world. I could spend days in it and not tire of its fine display—cuttle-fish, sword-fish, devil-fish, anemones, sea-horse, vipers, adders, flying-fish, and thousands of others.

In our walk through Pompeii we came on the place where the present excavations are being made; about one hundred and twenty men and women are constantly employed at the work. As it was raining, the work had stopped, the laborers being gathered together under a shed some distance away. Visitors are

not allowed when the work is going on, guards being kept around the excavation; but guards as well as workmen had gone in out of the wet, so Mr. G. went down a side street with our guide, while I made a raid on the rubbish-heap by myself. I felt like a pirate or a thief, but was determined to have one small relic discovered by myself. After kicking into the mud and dirt I found a square terra-cotta tile (about five inches square), with bas-relief ornamentation very clear and well preserved, hardly chipped or nicked even.

I scraped the most of the mud off with my hands and wrapped the tile in my handkerchief, and put it in my coat-tail pocket, and then put on my gloves to hide my dirty hands. I got shoes, trousers, coat-pockets, cuffs and handkerchief in a nasty mess, but did not mind that, feeling that my treasure was worth it all. As soon as we got to our rooms Mr. G. and I commenced to wash the dirt off the tile; on the face was a beautiful pattern in small panels and foliage in bas-relief, something like this, and on the back was an inscription stamped in the tile which informed us that it was "made in Germany, 1897."

I never did like rainy weather and mud; it makes me cough and use language not nice for ladies or children to hear.

Upon reflection I am convinced that the Italian government is right in not permitting visitors to carry off everything they can lay their hands on, so I leave the tile here in Naples.

Thursday, October 30, 1902.—We were tired last night, so slept until 8:00 o'clock this morning, then after breakfast took a cab, visited the Royal Palace of the king, and went all through the picture galleries, the museum, and state apartments and stables.

It is very fine, and filled with a rare collection of beautiful and costly things, both ancient and modern. The grand ball-room is the finest room I've yet been in, the paintings are all masterpieces, the collection of clocks a veritable museum in itself. From the palace we went to the Arcade, visited the shops, had luncheon, then a final drive through the parks, all beautiful, with ferns, palms, flowers, and bright foliage plants, then to depot and took the 3:30 P. M. train for Rome.

We reached Rome at 9:30 P. M., drove to the Quirinal, had a late dinner, took a half-hour's walk to help digest it, and then to bed at 11:30. We are traveling and sight-seeing at a killing pace. How Mr. G. stands it so well I can hardly see. He has been to all these places before, is personally known wherever we stop, and is in himself not only a fine traveling companion, but an excellent guide, knowing just when to go and how to go, missing none of the principal sights, and yet wasting no time. He refuses to leave me, and insists that he is enjoying it as much as I do, which I believe is a pious lie, told to ease the conscience and quiet the scruples of an ignorant tenderfoot, and a troublesome cripple like myself. I tell him he will surely reap his reward in the next world for the kind-

ness he has shown in this, and *he will, too*, if I have any influence with the powers that be, in the great unknown. While I've enjoyed each day, and as I said before, I would not have missed this trip for anything, still I would not advise any one to make a similar trip. More time is required than I have felt able to devote to such a journey, and unless one was traveling under just the conditions I am, he would be paying too dearly for his whistle.

Friday, October 31, 1902.—This has been another day of wonders, marvels, and rare experiences.

Immediately after breakfast we chartered a good cab for the day and drove out on the Roman Campagna, visiting the Trans-Tiber region; saw the remains of the bridge held by Horatius and two gallant comrades, the spot where Paul and Peter bid one another their last farewell, photographed the little chapel described in *Quo Vadis*, saw the ancient Roman aqueduct, the city walls and gates, drove for miles along the Appian Way, and finally went down and explored the catacombs of Rome, where one million Christians and one hundred and seventy thousand martyrs lie buried. I patted the cheeks and stroked the black, glossy hair of a woman who died nearly two thousand years ago, and she did not resent the liberty, either.

Visited the wonderful baths just outside the city walls, and was obliged to confess to myself that nothing so large, so massive, so grand, so complete, or so magnificent exists in our modern times. I have

always had a good deal of pride in the bath department of the Chicago Athletic Association, but I now find it is a bath in miniature. Think of a marble pool in one room, with mosaic bottom and sides, adorned with frescoes and statuary, and capable of accommodating *sixteen hundred* persons at one time, and in connection with it are vast rooms used for hot-rooms, shampooing, shower-baths, cooling-rooms, lounge-rooms, arenas for exercise and athletic sports, etc., etc. Oh! it is wonderful.

We went to St. Paul's and viewed this grand church, still in process of construction; its massive columns of granite, marble, and alabaster, not to be duplicated by any edifice in the world. Saw the spot where Paul was executed, and to finish a grand but hard day's work, visited the Borghesi Palace and villa, now owned by the Italian government and converted into a park, museum, and picture gallery. We returned to the Quirinal for a late dinner, and after it was over I bid farewell to Mr. G. He remains here in Rome; his family will join him here to-morrow, and I leave him with regret, but full of a lively appreciation of all his many kindnesses to me during the past two weeks. I left Rome at 9:00 P. M., Mr. G. driving to the depot with me, and he would have accompanied me to Genoa if I would have permitted it, but he has already devoted too much time in making my trip a pleasant one, and I would not consent that he should absent himself from his family any longer on my account.

Saturday, November 1, 1902.—Genoa, the birth-place of Columbus! His monument and statue is one of the first things to greet the visitor on emerging from the railway depot. A queer old town this, lying snugly in the hills, on the shores of the Mediterranean, with a history dating back for several centuries before the Christian era. Remains of the ancient city are numerous, and very interesting; miles of the old walls are still standing, and the later walls and the fortresses of the Middle Ages still stand almost intact. I had a fine drive about the city, and visited the cemetery, and for real appealing beauty of designs, I do not know that I have seen anything in all the places I have visited more appealing to the senses.

They tell me there is not another burying-ground in all the world to compare with it, and I believe the statement. Partly open, like ours in America, and partly a reproduction of the plans of the catacombs of Rome, only built of marble and above ground, instead of hewn out of the rock underground as the catacombs are, and adorned with an almost innumerable collection of beautiful marble, granite, and bronze monuments; it is utterly indescribable and hardly conceivable. I took a number of snap-shots, and hope to let you see it as it is. This happens to be the one day of the year when the entire business of the city is closed, and the whole population turn out, bringing flowers and candles to decorate the tombs. Such a display of flowers I never even expected to see in this world; actually miles

of wreaths, bouquets, etc., and hundreds of thousands of candles, all burning, some of them six and even eight feet high. I cannot understand these people, nor their religion. The porter at the hotel is an American, born in St. Louis, speaks English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch languages indiscriminately, and proved an agreeable fellow. By mere chance I happened to purchase a post-card with the picture of a castle on a hill, that had attracted my fancy, and while I was directing the card to N. G., he informed me it was the palace of Salvagi Raggi, the Chinese minister.

I then told him of A. and I. having been in the Pekin siege, and said I should liked to have met him. The porter told me that Salvagi Raggi had been stopping at the hotel only the day before, and I had missed him by only twelve hours. He went to the office and got Raggi's register card (you never register *in a book* over here, but on a slip of paper that the waiter brings to your room), and gave it to me, and I inclose same for mama. I altered the address on the card I had commenced, and directed the card to my little E., and also secured another and sent it to I.

A drive along the wharfs, a visit to the factory, where the beautiful Genoese silver and gold filagree work is done, a luncheon in the Bavarian restaurant, and then to the train. The country from Rome to Paris I did not see much of, as most of the journey was after dark, but we passed within one hundred feet of the great Leaning Tower of Pisa, in coming here, and after

leaving Genoa en route to Paris we passed through a beautiful country by daylight, reached Turin, went through the celebrated Mt. Cenis tunnel, twelve miles through the Alps, while we were at supper, and finally reached Paris at 9:40 A. M.

Sunday, November 2, 1902.—Back again in Paris. My two weeks' vacation and sight-seeing are finished, and therefore my "log" is practically at an end. Today will be devoted to a general "clean ship" and rest up from the fatigues of a really hard and trying journey.

Upon arrival here this A. M. I had to go through the formality of a customs examination again. My trunk, which had been registered from Rome to Paris was not examined at Modene, the French frontier, but the hand-baggage which I had with me in the sleeper, was *supposed* to have been examined there. The real examination consisted in getting my grips and shawl-strap down on the berth, and opened up ready for the inspector. When that official came through the train he stopped at the door of my compartment, glanced at my luggage, and asked me in Italian whether I had any cigars or liquors concealed about my person. I replied in "Volupuk," by saying "Nix," and he passed on. I restrapped my baggage, turned in, and slept to Paris. At Paris I had the porter get my trunk into the custom house. I unlocked it and started to raise the lid, but the porter stopped me "in French" by pulling my hands away, and winking.

The inspector came along with his piece of chalk and immediately asked me why I did not have cigars, spirits, silks, or matches in my possession. But as I was busy watching a pretty girl at the time, he was too polite to interfere, so without waiting for my reply, he chalked me a clean bill of health, and I went on my way rejoicing. Arrived at the hotel I at once ordered an *American* breakfast of mutton-chops (*thick, fat, and well done*), fried potatoes, an omelette, rolls, and coffee, and I got them all, except the chops, potatoes, and omelette. After breakfast I went to the barber-shop, had a shave and shampoo, and then to my room, and the luxury of two hours' in a hot bath, emerging clean enough to kiss, but nobody to kiss me.

The balance of the daylight was consumed in writing this part of the log, and then to bed after an 8:00 o'clock dinner, for a whole night's sleep.

Monday, November 3, 1902.—Half the morning spent in getting my soiled linen counted, listed, and delivered to the authorities for reconditioning, then to the office of "La Guardienne" to meet my friend Mr. T. He was "not in," so I drove to "La Foucier," and *not in* met me there also. I spent the entire day in vibrating between those two offices, but saw no one with any authority. Six P. M. to hotel, mad, tired, and hungry, 7:30 P. M. dinner, 9:30 P. M., bed.

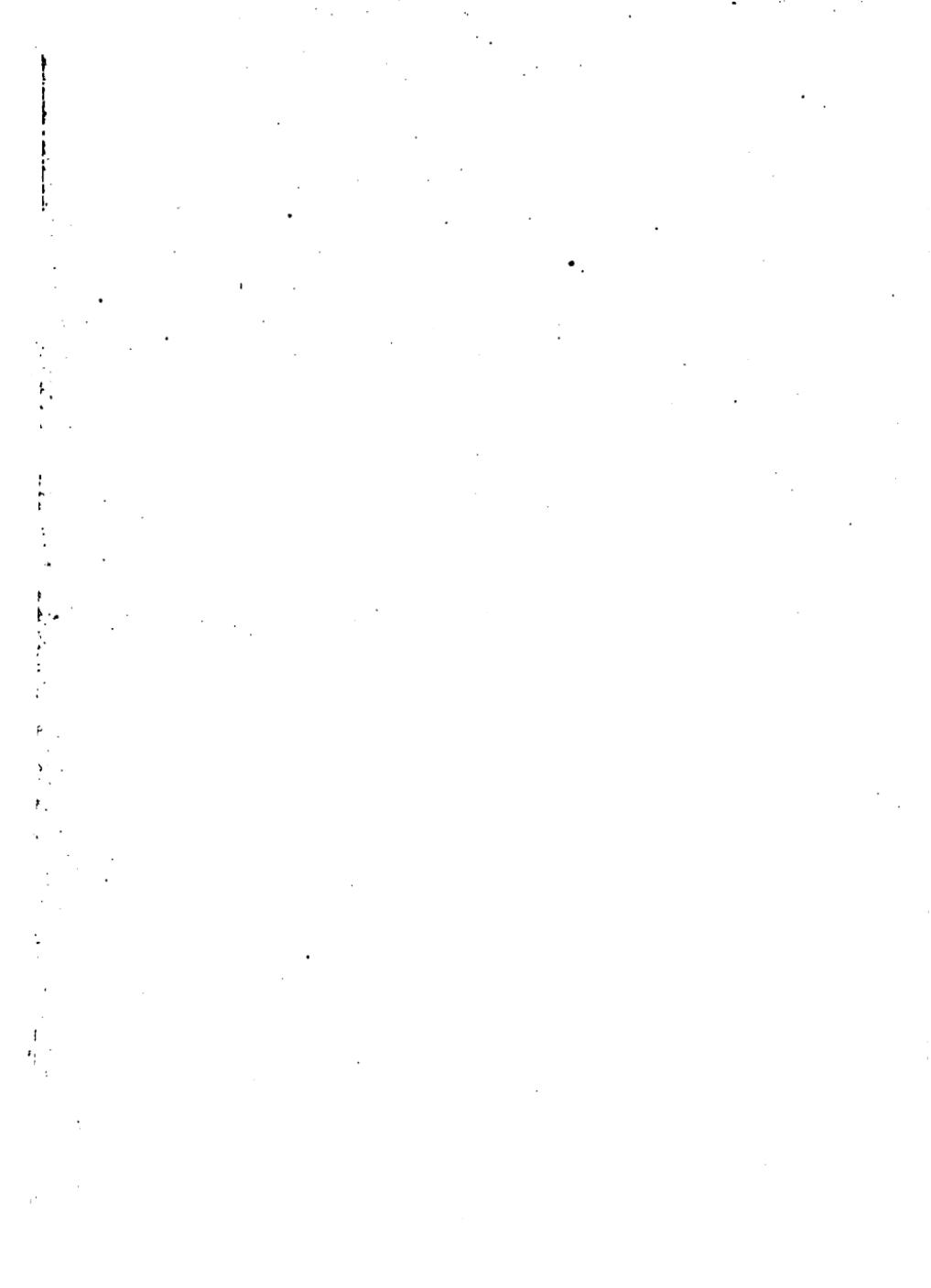
This will give me only two days in London, and I had counted on three at the least. Still I expect to be able to get through there by Friday night, and sail

on the "Lucania" from Liverpool on Saturday, the 8th of November.

To-morrow will be my busy day. I must close my business here, take the train at 4 P. M., cross the channel in the evening, and reach London about 11:00 P. M. Thursday and Friday will give me but little time to close matters in London. Saturday forenoon to Liverpool, and sail from there Saturday noon. So endeth the first lesson of ye ancient mariner.

(his) M. S. W. (mark.)







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